

Harry Hopman, Ace Tennis Coach; Cowboys, a Photo Roundup
Stretching with Master Seo Where to Marathon

Esquire

AUGUST 1982 · PRICE \$2.00

Man At His Best

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The Critics' Choices



Inside Las Vegas with Wayne Newton
Adam Smith on Nuclear Disarmament
Fiction by Bernard Malamud
Mordecai Richler on His Father's Life
Plus: *A Library of Career Books*
Record Collecting
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If you seriously want to buy an answering machine, don't make your choice based on misinformation. All answering devices are not alike. So don't get stuck by getting too little. Or paying too much. Most of all, be familiar with the differences among machines. We hope this guide will cut through the confusion and explain some crucial points. Look for these most asked for, practical features:

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

STORIES TO DINE OUT ON

IN HER soul *Dinner at the Hawthorn Restaurant*, author Anne Tyler uses the restaurant as an ideal and meeting ground for a family that can't seem to make peace anywhere. Kara Vail, the youngest son, is a cook whose destiny it is to feed and nurture this family and shape it to his ideal. Not surprisingly, Tyler chose eating as a metaphor for the restaurant as a setting, for one of our basic and most important relationships (increasingly, unfortunately, unfortunately, not less as more than places to catch a quick snack). We use them as stage sets for business deals, love affairs, friendly reunions, and obligatory meetings. And because of their neutrality, restaurants often lead themselves not only to conduct but also to destiny with much greater ease than does the home.



In search of restaurants that provide appropriate settings for life's most frequent scenarios, we asked restaurant critic and food writer Corrie Ladd to track down American restaurants that succeed at creating a fitting ambience for different occasions. With the assistance of restaurant reviewers at a dozen American cities, Ladd—the author of last year's August cover story, "The 100 Best New Restaurants"—found "125 Restaurants You Can Rely On." The Documentary (page 41) features restaurants at which you can talk over a business deal, celebrate a romance, surround yourself with history, have a late night out on the town, or eat out with a group of friends. With these five categories covered in twelve cities, the piece provides invaluable counsel before your next long day.

WRITER BEN Rosenbaum rarely let all mine than he could have when he decided to take on Las Vegas entrepreneur Wayne Newton as a profile subject. Rosenbaum soon realized that you can't take on Newton without asking some serious questions about Las Vegas and how a world "I'd always been haunted by Wayne as no emblem of Vegasness," says Rosenbaum, "and when I read about Wayne and the

alleged extortion plot, the mystery deepened." Rosenbaum went to Vegas, spent ten days with Newton and his entourage, and saw Newton's show a dozen times in an attempt to determine the essence of the man they call Mr. Las Vegas. If you still think of Wayne Newton as the fat kid with the high voice singing "Dinner at the Hawthorn," you have some catching up to do. Rosenbaum's inside picture of Newton and the peculiar phenomenon that is known as Las Vegas ("Do You Know Vegas?") begins on page 60.

IF THERE is one man responsible for high level tennis in the twentieth century it is the Australian Harry Hapman. As a world famous tennis coach, Hapman has single-handedly educated Frank Sedgman, Roy Emerson, Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall and John Newcombe, as well as more other top players. Five years ago—in the age of severely when most people think of retiring—Hapman started a training camp that instantly became a nurturing ground for the world's best and toughest tennis players, including John McEnroe and Vitas Gerulaitis. We sent writer James Kaplan to Hapman's International Tennis camp in Bradenton, Florida, to find out about this extraordinary teacher. Kaplan returned with a strengthened backhand and a portrait of Hapman (page 88) that tells us

much about the man in it does about the game. But then again, as Kaplan tells us, Hapman and tennis are one and the same.

WHENEVER a new work from a writer like Bernard Malamud appears, it is news. This month we have big news from Malamud: "The Flood" (page 100), adapted from his eighth novel, *God's Green*, to be published in September by Pantheon, Stennis and Granta. It is Malamud's first fiction since *Doubt's Lull*, published in 1979. "The Flood" is a cryptic depiction of the future: a tale of our instinct for survival as embodied in Calum Cohen, the last man on earth after the nuclear holocaust. Very grim, and very funny too. Malamud's last story for Esquire was "The Letter" (August 1972) and it is a pleasure to hear his very, very voice in these pages once again.

WE ALSO welcome back in these pages a special and accomplished Martin Bickel, whose reflective and glowing portrait of his father's life appears on page 78. Bickel's essay starts the third in a series of personal pieces by writers on the lives of their fathers.

THE WEST became part of Willem Albert Allard's consciousness when he was a child in Havana as in the Far East and early 1950s. On his front porch were stacks of *The Saturday Evening Post*, with pages filled with dramatic stories about places like Sweetwater and Broken Bow. In the States, Allard outdistanced the West through his owner's eye and found it to be "grand, gritty, and in some ways, as delicate as a flower." Allard has spent the past thirteen years photographing the West, and this fall his work will appear in a book called *Visualizing West*. We are proud to run it in Esquire Eye, some of these photographs and an introduction by writer and Montana resident Tim McGraw on page 264.

As you can see, this month's issue is a detectable potpourri. Ben again! —Philip Matlis



Loads of fun.

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Which means on top of everything else it gives you something you usually don't get in a pickup. Pickup.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen. 

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

MAN THROUGH THE AGES

ESQUIRE HAS been a part of our family for several years. I have taken with my husband always enjoyed the many varied, informative, and interesting articles, but you have outdone yourselves with "The Aging Body" (by John Tierney, May). It is a fantastic article and I hope you will do the same type of article on how a woman ages.

Fay N. Slay
McFarland, Wis.

HOW SAD that John Tierney chooses to perpetuate the myth that intelligence declines with age. As someone working in neuropsychology, I can categorically say that a man not affected with a progressive neurologic problem can look forward to a remarkable stability in IQ scores until old age. Unfortunately, IQ tests fail to measure the experience, wisdom, and understanding that give the older person greater depth of judgment.

Still with a few brain cells left at fifty,
Roger T. Burbridge
Berkeley, Calif.

I THINK you did your readers a grave disservice with "The Aging Body." For a man is much more than the sum of his parts. And the "body" you presented on aging was not belated but longed for well-mentioned reassurances and physicians.

The body and spirit and psychic have marvelous regenerative powers that can carry all men into a vital, exuberant life after fifty, sixty, or even seventy.

Leo Qualey
Fountainville, N.C.

AT AGE forty-seven and after reading "The Aging Body," by John Tierney, I feel inevitably distressed at my need to lose all control of my various sphincters, to start to dribble instead down my chin, and to welcome the wind revives back to the domain of the construction industry.

While we can't stop the inexorable process of biological degeneration, who wants to read a precise account of one's road to wacko city? With wisdom being about the only really positive sign of the past thirty years, I wonder at this point if even that is a reasonable expectation; that is, what good is all the accumulated knowledge if we no longer have the capacity to remember?

You realize that all the above is just in jest. I am really depressed.
Gus Hammer
Houston, Tex.

BLACK AND WHITE AMERICA

THANK YOU for the article "Black and White America, 1982," by David Bradley (May). Being born as what Bradley refers to as the boys of the Black, I readily identified with his perception of black and white society in America then and now.

For some time I dared not believe what I saw and came to know as the truth. Thanks to Equinox and Mr. Bradley, I have gained new-found strength along with the knowledge that hope is all there is. I shall treasure this issue of Equinox far more to come as a gift to my son when he comes of age, with the hope that the "youth of black" will once again be on the upswing.

Cyrel L. Davis
Houston, Tex.

I WAS much moved by David Bradley's essay. It was an eloquent and insightful analysis of racial problems in America and the literary industry in particular. Unfortunately, I am among the reviewers guilty of emphasizing Bradley's blackness in my review of *The Changeling* located in the *Greenwich Daily News*. Upon reflection, I should have lauded the greatness of this novel to Faulkner and Dos Passos instead of only relating it to Wright and Ellison.

After reading "Black and White America, 1982," I do not think I will make that mistake again. David Bradley is a fine American novelist who happens to be black.

Joseph Bonas
Greenwich, N.C.

PERHAPS THE clearest message of professional blacks like David Bradley is contrasted to "black professionals" to the risen adamic body of American society as conveyed by us damned if you do and damned if you don't white toward everything from social programs (benefit to him, anyway) like the National Model Scholarship to the blatant racism of affirmative action and forced busing. To those of us who happen to be white and believe in racial equality, he states unapologetically: "Yes, Color Matters...Not Now, Not Ever! Whatever attempts are made to equalize or integrate will never be big enough for Bradley's type of martyr attitudes."

The patience of a well-entrenched America is wearing thin with these (dedicated) and determined miscreants, and the strident tones of their own impudence at our best efforts are only now beginning to create

the bedhead frenzy correctly anticipates. And he's not helping.

Coleman George
Madison Beach, Fla.

A TREASURED COMPANION

JAMES TRAVIS's first article for Equinox, "The Short and Tall Tales of German Kaitel" (May), was a treasure. I listen to *A Proper Music Companion* each week here in my so rural Palo Alto and savor the best about my small-town childhood. Mr. Travis evoked beautifully the warmth and humor of that wonderful program. Here's to his success in future writing. I do hope to see more of his work in Equinox.

Patricia M. Long
Palo Alto, Calif.

THE LAST BATTLE

TOWARD THE climax of his May article, "The Battle for the Dead," David Hellerstein, M.D., writes: "I had an odd feeling then, which came and went in a matter of seconds, and I didn't know what to think of it: the conviction that it was leaving the human race."

Leaving the human race to go where—Mount Olympus? Dr. Hellerstein gets us lost in his hazy dream to do battle against people he variously describes as "dared, unyielding shrews," "short, grumpy," "thick-witted," "enraged." Oddly now, these are the fully living.) The only details he provides about the rest of his with whom he struggles are ones of this sort, or worse. All his opponents are made out to be arrogant or pathetic or just badly dressed. How can a battle of Herculean proportions be truly won when one side is treated with such disdain and obviously denied of any sense of honor? While Dr. Hellerstein's article provided an unusual perspective on death, our society's so-called last taboo, the tone of the piece was hard to take, the comparison to Homer wasn't extreme, it was extremely—unappealing.

Because, Dr. Hellerstein: As any student of Homer knows, hubris does not go unpunished by the gods.

Michael L. Kagan
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Letters to the editors should be mailed with your address and phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Equinox, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

RICHARD GERE • DEBRA WINGER

A naval aviator candidate. A local girl.
For him, the only way out is to become an officer.
For her, the only way out is to marry one.



AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

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An offering by DAVID KEITH and LOUIS GOSSETT, JR. as "John," with a DOUGLAS DAY STEWART Produced by MARTIN ELFAND Directed by TAYLOR HARRIS OF A LOREMAR PICTURE

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**PRESSED THE RUSSIAN COUNSELOR: DID HE REALLY THINK
THE UNITED STATES WOULD STRIKE FIRST? DID HE THINK HIS OWN
MILITARY MIGHT STRIKE FIRST UNDER SOME CIRCUMSTANCES?**

It is well documented in his writings, and once again I use an indirect and interpretive style. Since Senior Hank was so skeptical about being directly quoted: Do the Soviets, I asked, really think nuclear war is winnable? Oh, yes, said Senior Hank. A first strike would certainly take out much of our retaliatory power. There might also be more "handcuffs" than ours, and they are perfecting a sophisticated antiballistic missile defense for Moscow. Their civil defense programs are ahead of ours, given these days' notice they could disperse substantial populations. We might have submarines out there, but what would a President do who had just lost his land-based missiles and perhaps ten million people? Would he order the submarine to take out Russian cities, killing some thirty million people, knowing that the surviving strike would kill some hundred million Americans? Would the submarines even get the message?

How, I asked, did Senior Hank know the Soviets thought a nuclear war was winnable? From *And Star? From Soviet army journals? Better than that?* said Senior Hank. "We have good information both from documents and from affidavits of the deployment of their forces. It all fits with their doctrine."

Would the Soviets, I asked, really strike first, knowing they would lose thirty cities? They might," said Senior Hank, "if it was an accidental deployment of the world. They are very loose. They lost twenty million people in World War II, they could have surrendered, but they didn't." History, said Senior Hank, has shown that the Russians respond to force by force. In fact, he said, when others only invite their aggression, I pointed out that the casualties they suffered when they were invaded in World War II had left a terrible impression. "But after Brezhnev," he said, "the order will change. The Soviet Union and we do not know to what."

What effect did Senior Hank believe the nuclear-free movement would have?

"Look, I know the nuclear-free people. They are very nice, well-meaning people. They think that they must attack with antineutron weapons and affect our policy. That will affect the Russian policy. That is not the way the Soviet Union works. Do they think there are Ukrainian mountains in Illinois ready to explode openly?"

The Soviet Union is a dictatorship. Television and radio are controlled. All radio signals are jammed. The people will know what the government wants them to know. There will be no nuclear power plants in the Soviet Union unless they are authorized by the government.

Senior Hank is known in Washington shorthand as *Cage the Bear*. His predecessor, in another administration, was a more delicate-seeming individual, known as the same shorthand as *Fred the Bear*. Fred the Bear believed the Soviet's would respond to grain shipments and credits. *Cage the Bear* believes they respond only to toughness and that we do ourselves harm by giving them what we can.

I SPEAK with a Soviet Embassy counselor who we will need to deal with in America. He spoke colloquial English, with just enough of a Russian accent to look and sound as if he could be cast in a movie as Soviet diplomat. He told stories about a recent trip around the United States. He had stayed with a "millionaire in Dallas, two of everything—two Cadillac cars, refrigerators, two sons, two Mercedes for the sons." He said that capitalism was wonderful but the laws of progress declared that it must move on to the next stage. Marxism. First came idealism, then capitalism, then Marxism. In Afghanistan, when the people overthrew the king and went straight to Marxism, there was a counter-revolution, "which we could not permit to close our borders, you understand that."

"Too gay," said the Russian counselor as he extremely colloquial English. The trouble with you guys is, you are the biggest guy on the block. You had a big, empty country, and you prospered while the Karpovs knocked each other out. Now there's another big guy on the block. You don't like that. But you have to learn to live with it. You can't like our big rockets. All you can do is throw your own little rockets. So, we negotiate."

The Russian counselor, like Senior Hank, thought there was a chance of a nuclear war. I pressed him. Did he really think the United States would strike first? Did he think his own military might strike first under some circumstances?

"Leave that aside," he said. "Look, last year, night here in Washington, some not so big and shoots your President. Shoots your President? After all the Presidents we have seen, well, some not so big and shoots your President. And you couldn't prevent it. How do we know there isn't another not somewhere around as one of your Timexes, supping his finger on the Moon, and maybe he decides to take out Moscow. Who will prevent him? That's not in going to work forever. Sometimes I think the two big guys will take each other out and the Americans will end up with the world."

I asked the Soviet counselor whether

the Soviet Union wouldn't like a couple of more arms spending. After all, their economy was not doing it all well. Their agriculture was a notable failure. The Soviet counselor was not willing to admit this was any failure in Marxism. He was an expert in America, he said, "every state has a college," as if those colleges were discovered among the Indians by the first settlers. "You have invested more in agriculture. Now you have automobiles, but business in agriculture. Well, we are making investment, we will have automobiles."

We wonder about the axiom of the Russians, how did the Russians perceive the Americans? "A lucky country," said our Russian. "A lucky, lucky country."

IT IS the business of departments of defense to sound alarms and beat drums. They are rarely criticized for being over-armed only for failure, and any failure is defense is enough. So perhaps we should not ask the Defense Department to be benign in its moral counting or its perception of threats. But that does not mean we can count totally on its perceptions of the world. How do we know what the Russians think? Most of us have in charge of the interpretation of the Russian psyche? What voices speak to the Russians? What words mean to them? What are the myths and the voices by which they live? Will they be as important as the three-weeks and the number of work-fits. That means we must guard any conclusion with skepticism.

And what of our fellow citizens pressing out to make leaflets with down on them? Will they really change the world? We have to encourage this sort of activity, even though there are some elements in this effort. After all, it is for nuclear war. The current cycle of nuclear activity is producing a great deal of psychic energy, and though we must keep this cycle well under control, it is producing a great deal of psychic energy. The next major arms madness will be in space, with Star Wars technology, not there is no time to lose.

Meanwhile, it might depict the field of the nuclear free. The nuclear-free crowd of there were some form of state is in place for example, that the dove was retired. Doves have the image of gentle passivity, when actually they are mean, vicious birds that do not hesitate to commit mayhem on one another. My own intention is to take out Moscow. Who will prevent him? That's not in going to work forever. Sometimes I think the two big guys will take each other out and the Americans will end up with the world."

I asked the Soviet counselor whether



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SOUND

HANS FANTELL

Sony Cooks Up a Top Tape

Tape makers literally can't leave well enough alone. Just as tape development had reached the well-earned level, with the better brands sound- ing very good indeed, some manufacturers started to make their own—and suppose this is a shameless!

Conceptual, innovation, and sheer mad performance aside, the question arises whether such competitive making of levels really helps practical benefits to the listener. In the case of Sony's new UCC-S cassette—the latest addition to the International tape derby—the answer is a decided yes.

The nature of this benefit is best understood by way of analogy. Tape is to a recorder what film is to a camera. Even the best camera can't take good pictures with poor film. Similarly, no tape recorder can sound better than the tape running in it. Just as the grain and alignment of film determine the quality of a photograph (other factors being equal), so the frequency response, dynamic range

and so forth of the tape determine the quality of the recording. Tape manufacturers typically are so intent about their concepts as top professionals cook might be about his ingredients. When interviewed at his laboratory, Mr. T. Hiron, Sony's top-tape wizard, declared a blunt refusal to divulge particulars. But he confirmed that the original attributes of the UCC-S formulation arise from a combination of three factors:

First, the magnetic particles forming the working portion of the tape have been bombarded in situ by nearly 30 percent, making a finer and more uniform dispersion in the tape. This may be likened to grain in photographic film. The finer the grain the sharper the image; i.e., to invoke the proper linguistic concept, the granular surface can be "finer" (more image detail, just as finer film can be drawn on smooth paper than on rough surfaces). Similarly, smoother grain elsewhere in a recording tape can maximize available waveforms, thereby permitting higher frequencies and lower noise levels to be captured.

Secondly, much has been found to arrange the particles so they don't stick to the tape in a crisscross pattern like crabs in a legume. The new process allows more of the rod-shaped particles to be packed in parallel, like loose straws in a raft. This yields multiple benefits. It provides a smoother—and hence more receptive—surface on which the magnetic signal can be inscribed. The greater density of the tightly packed particles concentrates more magnetic force into a given area (about 100 billion particles in each millimeter of tape) so the greater loadness per inch can be accommodated with less distortion. What's more, less is reduced by the regularity of the particles.

Thirdly, the basic material itself has been improved by new methods of spinning each line particle into an oval cross of coils, so as to heighten such magnetic properties as coercivity and remanence. These determine how fully, fully the tape "receives" the message entrusted to it, and how much sonic detail it results in returning. To be just metaphorical and more precise about it, remanence is 1000 Gauss and coercivity is 100 Oersted—unimpairedly high values ensuring that this tape will be as its own master whenever behavior when jostled by the impact of the musical signal.

Although developed at Sony's laboratories at Atsugi, in northern Japan, the new tape is to be commercially posted in Alabama and Texas—its first price of \$1 for a one-hour cassette, if it meets first experience about the so-called central tapes, yet is most practical even virtually equivalent to their performance.

Talking to the originators of the new tape, one gains the impression that they were inspired, at least in part, by friendly rivalries within Sony's corporate ranks. Traditionally, Sony tape has stood on the shadow of the company's more eye-catching developments, such as Trinitron TVs, the Betamax, and its excellent music components. The new tape represents a bid for a bit of the limelight and is to be a phase from any midrange product—most likely to succeed—into the New York City of the Japanese.

'Flavoring a tape is like flavoring a sauce. Not just the ingredients count, but also their proportion.'

will raise characteristic of a tape determine the quality of a recording.

In Sony's UCC-S, these factors have been slightly but perceptibly improved over previous norms, and the ear readily and gratefully registers the difference. In critical listening, comparisons with other formats; cassettes (a cassette made with solid-state tape code), the cassette not only seemed extended to range but also more natural in character. Credit this to the tape to the greater extent of its specificity of this tape, which deviates just need for fuller emphasis in the upper range. At a casual, daytime and instance of cerebral music assumes a very pleasing, (like live) vivacity. By the same token, the so-called transient response—the ability to render short, sharp sounds with appropriate clarity—is also raised, for the essential aspect of music also requires smoothness of tone.

Yet the exceptional merits of this tape is not confined to the upper range. The bass also comes through with genuine depth and solidity not usually attained in cassettes, and the more level medium happily answers the

It might technical advances can be considered for all this system. After all, formulating a tape is rather like flavoring a sauce. Not just the ingredients count, but also their proportion, blend and texture—plus what the chef

ETHICS BY LAURENCE SHAMES THE CREEPER

How did a little man like *every* get such a bad reputation?

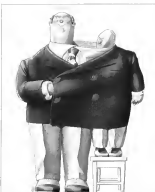
INWITING, THE early Christians called it, and they thought a lot of its potency to include it in that select list of mortal faults for which we would go straight to hell.

Every is the name it goes by among us—and while we no longer condemn those possessed by it to the rather extreme, there's no question that being in the grip of it can create a hell right here on the surface. We all know we're not supposed to feel envy—it's petty, pathetic, flimsy, unbecoming. But we've got it or other it breaks us all.

How could a man? Though each of us has his invidious companions, those aspects of himself that simply cannot be measured against any body else, there are many things about us that can be compared—and as soon as we start thinking of how we stack up against and below the door to ourselves open wide. There are, of course, the chronic complainers based on questionable things—the figures on our pay checks.

The number of white-collar workers. But it's the latter comparisons that are the most nettlesome. Someone else's job will always seem a shade more fulfilling than our own. Someone else's love life or marriage will always seem a little more satisfying. The grace with which another person moves through social situations, or curiously lives change among a group of men, or handles himself at second base cut at his moment of crisis, a painful scene of his own carnality all about. The more opportunity of envy, then, doesn't define as a matter human beings, it's what we do with the sensation that counts.

I recently received a letter from an acquaintance who is a columnist at an advertising agency in Oklahoma. He was writing to tell me, late Tuesday morning, between the sections and the finished, at a time of professional jealousy had been working within years. What made it hurt was that the object of his envy was a guy he truly liked—which, at a second year, is typical.



Who's worth envying. After all, if not those people who have the same talent, goals, promises as ourselves but are doing a somewhat better job of fulfilling them?

In any case, my acquaintance and his colleagues had started their careers at the same agency and in the same position some five years ago. Since that time, each had made a number of job changes and received a number of promotions—but the other guy, unfortunately, always seemed to be a step ahead. My acquaintance had come to regard him as an uncomfortable blend of friend and nemesis. "That person from...the same training ground who succeeded just a little later. Now working in different class, they still kept in touch, though their conversations were marked by that 'middle class-appealing' kind of acquaintance, when he had good news to report, acknowledged a 'strong glow', when the other guy and even better news, my correspondent felt, as if he'd been 'kicked in the teeth' by yet again.

Basically, my acquaintance had transformed his envy into a sort of glow—a slightly obsessive and manicured glow. But a glow with rules. His envy kept him from being too serious, but he'd never try to hurt him. My correspondent hadn't conquered his invidious disease—and I wonder how many of us ever do—at least, he'd concluded that impulse in himself and had limited it to something of a truce.

There are other ways, of course, to deal with envy, and one of them is simply to avoid people and situations that are likely to evoke it. This is somewhat chicken-hearted but effective. The problem is, it's a luxury open mostly to people who work alone. Writers, for example, are notorious for steering clear of other writers. There are good reasons for this, but there are also some not-so-good ones—among them, a fear of resentment which one party is coming out his liver over the successes of another yet must keep an anxious smile plastered on his face in the name of graciousness. I ended up in a version of this scenario once, and, believe me, it wasn't fun.

It was about half a dozen years ago. This fellow and I were both working on fiction, and we signed a contract—based on the spectacular lack of success we shared. Then one day he got a book contract. Instantly he had moved me up, and he was big. Was I happy for him? Was I big I moved to the front of my own career. Could he tell? Of course he could. But there was nothing to be done. He couldn't very well discuss his triumph and I couldn't quite master the reluctance to avoid seeing my own failure reflected in it. The sudden disparity in our fates made things uncomfortable between us but we held out to the friendship for a while.

The killer was that our situation turned out to be double-edged. My friend's novel was published a year or so after he got his contract, and not because of any lack of

Be

By EG

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WE THOUGHT THIS NEW YORK TIMES REVIEW WAS FIT TO PRINT.

ment, it went straight to the reminders of a life. The book had received the classic curse of publisher's neglect, and my first visit into the classic post-first-novel depression. In the meantime I had stumbled into journalism and was starting to be published regularly. For the moment, I seemed to have transcended over the guy who'd generously lampshaded over me. Was he happy for that? I believe he was. Did he enjoy me? It certainly did as he did. What made it worse was that I knew how bad he felt—and how bad he felt about making it—because I'd been there. And of course he understood what a tough position I was now in—afraid of something happening, feeling a phony impulse to play down my own enthusiasm in deference to him—because he'd been there. It was to realize that being moved was hardly less uncomfortable than enjoying.

The result was that we both became so cautious second-class editors that the pleasure drained out of the friendship and it no longer seemed worth the effort to stay in touch. We now follow each other's career from afar. I wish him well, he wishes me well—from a safe distance. That's one way of dealing with envy, and you will never hear me claiming that it's the best way, but there it is.

Envy, as we've always known, always costs you some thing: whether it's a portion of your security, or your career, or your self-respect, or some percentage of your sleep. And the question, ethically, is how you pay that cost. If you let the bill swell and maintain your dignity in the process, you have the satisfaction, at least, of doing your decent best in less than ideal circumstances. If you grumble over the tab if you try to exact payment from the

objects of your envy, you're in danger of behaving badly.

A friend of mine, whom I'll call Tony, has recently dug himself out of a situation in which he was being squeezed to pay for the wishes of his boss. It may seem strange that a senior partner of a law firm should envy a young associate with in the clerk's all his school loans—but every law firm does not only with accomplishment but with potential, an anybody who's ever had a zealous superior can tell you. The older man apparently learned that the younger would pay him by some day, perhaps more so, so doing all he could to prevent that day from arriving. At any rate, when ever Tony had a chance to get out there and really shine—to make a court appearance on behalf of an important client, to file a potentially noteworthy brief—the senior partner always found a pretext for picking the matter out of his hands.

After nearly a year of this, Tony had had a gutful. Finally he approached the senior partner and insisted that they have a talk. "I get the distinct impression," he said, "that you're sitting on me."

The older man, understandably, was a bit disarmed by his bluntness. "I don't think I know what you mean," he finished. "You got to do a lot of responsible work. You're well thought of in the firm. In fact"—and here the senior partner gave a little laugh—"you're further along a jobless and in style than I am at your age."

"So why talk that against me?" Tony asked. "Are we competitors twenty years removed, or what?"

Well, the spirit of that meeting was that the senior partner guaranteed Tony every opportunity to show his stuff in public. But he ended up working on the ground. He couldn't overcome his envy or silence. He kept going calmly, politely, graciously. Not only that, he was clearly seeing against his own best interests—ironically. They left the firm and took his considerable talents elsewhere. Rather than pay the original cost of his envy—by acknowledging that maybe there was water-boat stories that have of coming up behind him—he exasperated the price to the limit of a valuable associate, not to mention the kind of worse of his own self-respect.

But what is it, exactly, that enables some people to fight the good fight against envy while others get sucked into doing just as just plain stupid things because of it? It has to do, I think, with the ability to trust and sense other aspects of ourselves that are outside the main self-comparison. If you can sit back and relax with something that's all your own—or, more precisely, with something that's yours—then those things that can be compared don't seem all that important.

And besides, except for ourselves, who's doing the comparing, anyway? LAURENCE JARMAN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

FIFTEEN

When you're without wheels, you have nothing to cruise but the wall

"THIS WOULD be excellent, to go on the scene with this thing," says Dave Gribb. Dave Gribb: fifteen.

He is looking at a \$170 Sea Cruiser rifle.

"Great," says his companion, Dan Holmes, also fifteen.

This is at Herman's World of Sporting Goods, in the middle of the Woodstock Mall in Schaumburg, Illinois.

The two of them keep staring at the rifle. It is a lovely rifle that they will purchase it. For one thing, Dan has only twenty dollars in his pocket, Dave five dollars. For another thing—seemingly made—neither of them is even old enough to drive. Dave's older sister, Kent, has dropped them off at the mall. They will be taking the bus home.

FIFTEEN. WHAT a weird age to be in. Most of us have forgotten what it was, and have almost it. But when you are fifteen... well, things tend to be less than perfect.

You can't drive. You are only a freshman in high school. The job you age look older than you and go out with upperclassmen who have cars, but probably do it alone. You have nothing to do on the weekends.

So how do you spend your time? In 1982 most likely you are a mall. Woodstock is an endless shopping center spanning over 2.5 million square feet in northern Illinois. There are 340 stores at Woodstock, and on a given Saturday three stores are closed in and one of the thousands of teenagers taking time. Today two of those teenagers are Dave Gribb and Dan Holmes.

Dave is wearing a purple Rolling Stones High School Mustangs sweatshirt over a grey MP+24 T. He has jeans and Nike running shoes. He has a red plastic spoon in his mouth, and will keep it there for most of the afternoon. Dave is wearing white Ono State Buckeyes T-shirt, jeans, and Nike running shoes.

We are in the Video Forum store. Paul



Stewart and Art (the mall are nothing "Watch It Little Man" from their Central Perk concert on four television screens. Dave and Dan have already been wandering around Woodstock for an hour.

"There's not much to do at my house," Dan says to me.

"Here we can at least look around," Dave says. "At home I don't know what we'd do."

"Play catch or something," Dan says. "Here there's a lot of things to see."

"See some girls or something," Dan says.

I ask them how they would start a conversation with girls they had never met.

"Ask them what school they're in," Dan says. "Then if they say Arlington Heights High School or something, you can say, 'Oh, I know somebody from there.'"

I ask them how important meeting girls is to them here.

"About fifty-five percent," Dan says.

"About half your life," Dave says. "Half is girls," Dan says. "Half is going out for sports."

AN HOUR later, Dave and Dan have yet to meet any girls. They have seen a girl from their own class at Rolling Meadows High, but she is walking with an older boy, holding his hand. Now we are at the Woodstock McDonald's. Dave is eating a McRib sandwich, a small fries, and a small Coke. Dan is eating a cheeseburger, a small fries, and a medium root beer.

In here, the dilemma is obvious. The McDonald's is filled with guys who are precisely as old as Dan and Dave. The girls are eating the shadow, are fully developed, and generally look as if they could be doing the Green Day Packies. Dave and Dan, on the other hand, are still in the shadow of their own adolescence. They look like a fifteen-year-old boy.

"They go with the older guys who have the cars," Dan says.

"I guess that's more popular," Dave says.

"My ex-girlfriend is among a junior," Dan says.

I ask him what happened.

"Well I was in Florida over spring vacation," he says. "And when I got back I heard that she was at Caden's in Rockville one night, and she was dancing with this guy and she liked him, and he drove her home and she left."

"She was scared him," Dan says.

"The guy was the basketball team," Dan says.

I ask Dan what he did about it.

"I broke up with her," he says, as if I had asked the stupidest question in the world. I ask him how he felt.

"Well, she was at her locker," he says.

"She was working the combination. And I and this... And I went to break up. And she was crying her locker door and she just added her head yes. And I said 'I love you last good time while I was gone, and



Ved-d-yy ved-d-yy dry

WHILE THE CLOWN IS HANDING OUT FAVORS TO CHILDREN, BUT DAVE AND DAN ARE WATCHING THE YOUNG FEMALE MODELS. "JUST LOOKING IS ENOUGH FOR ME," SAYS DAN.

but I had a better date in Florida."

I ask him if he feels bad about it.

"Well, I feel bad," he says. "But a lot of guys told me, 'I heard you broke up with her. Way to be.'"

"IT'S TOO bad the Puppy Palace isn't open," Dan says.

"They're remodeling," Dave says.

We are walking around the upper level of Woodfield. I ask them why they would want to go to the Puppy Palace.

"The dogs are real cute and you feel sorry for them," Dan says.

WE ARE in a fast-food restaurant called the Orange Road. Dave is eating a frozen concoction called an O-Jay. They still have not met any girls.

"I feel like I'd be wasting my time if I sat at home," Dan says. "It's a Friday on Saturday and you sit at home, it's considered... low."

"Coming to the mall is about all there is," Dave says. "I guess we can do it."

"Then I'll crash," Dan says. "Look for across the lake away from my house, instead of just riding my bike around."

"When you're sixteen, you can do anything," Dave says. "You can go all the way across town."

"When you have to ride your bike..." Dan says. "What it takes, it rains everything."

IN THE J.C. Penney store, the Penney Fashion Center is under way. While the Clowns is handing out favors to children, but Dave and Dan are watching the young female models parade onto a stage in bathing suits.

"Just looking is enough for me," Dave says. Dave suggests that they head out back into the mall and pick out some girls to wave to. I ask why.

"Well, see, even if they don't wave back, you might see them later in the day," Dan says. "Just that they might remember that you waved at them, and you can meet them."

WE ARE at the Cookie Factory. There guys are approximately every twenty minutes.

It is clear that Dan is attracted to the girl behind the counter. He walks up, and his voice is slower and softer, half an octave lower than before.

The tone of voice is going to have to carry the day, because the words are not all that attractive.

"I have a chocolate-chip cookie!" The girl does not even look up at the wimp the cookie is being given.

Two persons. The voice might be Clerk

Clerk is

"What do they cost?"

The girl is still looking down. "Forty-seven," she says and takes his money, still looking away, and we move on.

DAVE AND DAN tell me that there are lots of girls at Woodfield's indoor ice skating rink. It costs money to get inside, but they lend me to an exit door, and when a woman makes out we slip into the rink. It's chilly in here, but only three people are on the ice.

"It's not time for open skating yet," Dan says. "That is all private lessons."

"Not much to see," Dave says.

We sit on benches. I ask them if they wish they were older.

"Well," Dan says, "when you get there, you look back and you remember. Like I'm glad that I'm not in the fourth or fifth grade now. But I'm glad I'm not twenty-five, either."

"Once in a while I'm sorry I'm not twenty-five," Dave says. "There's not much you can do when you're fifteen this summer. I'm going to candy and try to save some money."

"Yeah," Dan says. "I want to save up for a dirt bike."

"Right now, being fifteen is starting to bother me a little bit," Dave says. "Like when you have to get your parents to drive you to dinner with a girl."

I ask him how that works.

"Well, your mom is in the front seat driving," he says. "And you sit in the back seat with your date."

I ask him how he feels about that.

"It's embarrassing," he says. "Your date understands that there's nothing you can do about it, but it's still embarrassing."

DAVE SAYS he wants to go to the World. "I think they closed it down," Dan says but we head in that direction anyway.

I ask them what the difference is between the World and the Puppy Palace.

"They've got snakes and fish and other dangerous things," Dan says. "But not so much as the Puppy Palace."

When we arrive, the World is, indeed, boarded up.

WE ARE on the upper level of the mall. Dave and Dan have spotted two girls sitting at a lunch booth behind them, on the mall's main level.

"Whistle," Dan says. Dave whistles, but the girls keep talking.

"Dave, move in there and see if they like," Dan says.

"They aren't looking," Dave says.

"There's another one over there," Dan says.

"Where?" Dave says.

"Oh, she's a sniffer," Dan says. "She's got her hat on with her."

They return their attention to the two downtown.

Dan calls to them: "Would you girls get the coffee I just dropped?"

The girls look up.

"Just looking," Dan says.

The girls assume their conversation.

"I think they're laughing," Dan says.

"What are you going to do when the dumb girls won't respond," Dave says.

"We wait we tried," Dan says.

I ask him what response would have satisfied him.

"The way we would have known that we succeeded," he says. "They'd have looked up here and started laughing."

The boys keep staring at the two girls.

"Ask her to look up," Dan says. "Ask her what school they go to."

"I did," Dave says. "I did."

The two boys lean over the railing.

"Hey, girls," Dave yells.

"See you later," Dan yells.

The girls do not look up.

"Too late," Dan says. "Some girls are stuck on themselves, if you know what I mean by that."

WE GO to a store called the Foot Locker, where all the sneakers people are dressed in striped referee's shirts.

"Dave," Dan says. "Look at that! Seven-to-backs!" He holds up a pair of New Balance running shoes. Both boys shake their heads.

We move on to a store called Passage to China. A huge stuffed tiger is placed in the doorway. There is a PLACARD DONOR TOUCH sign attached to it. Dave rubs his hand over the tiger's back. "This would look so great in my room," he says.

We head over to Alan's TV and Stereo. Two salesmen ask the boys if they are interested in buying anything, so they go back outside and look at the store's window.

A color television set is raised to a baseball game between the Chicago Cubs and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

They watch the homecoming. The sound is muted, so they cannot hear the announcers.

"I think they follow the score," Dave says. They watch for five minutes more.

"Hey, Dave," Dan says. "You want to go home?"

"I guess so," Dave says.

"They do. We wave goodbye. I watch them walk out the mall toward the bus stop. I wish them, girls, dirt bikes, puppies, and happiness."

DAVE LUGASKA is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine.



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BY ALLEN HARRA

THE LESSONS OF MASTER SEO

When East met West, says the teacher, much got lost in the translation

SPORTS MEDICINE is growing as quickly as the word itself. And yet, despite the massive appetite of athletes for more information on the subject, the American sports establishment has shown remarkably little interest in a branch of sports medicine—the Eastern variety—whose foundations were laid way back when Hippocrates was making house calls. And, whether because of ethnocentric arrogance or simple conceptual problems that defy translation, those Western healing methods that Western physicians haven't dismissed as needlessly ancient, they've co-opted—and misused in the process.

One of the people this troubles most is a forty-three-year-old Korean trainer and physical therapist named Daesik Seo. When Seo came to the United States in 1983, the word *ota* he brought with him was regarded as peculiar at best. But soon, at the two colleges due to find him, he began scoring remarkable successes as a coach of boxing, judo, gymnastics, basketball, track and field, soccer, and even modern dance. When the cynics took a closer look, they noticed that even more important than his coaching victories was the small miracle he was performing as a trainer: Word began to leak out, and Master Seo found himself with a reputation as a trainer with a mysterious "touch."

Seven years after arriving in America, Daesik Seo made the papers. He had been hired by the Larry Holmes training camp to help the heavyweight champion prepare for his much-battered title defense against Gerry Cooney. And once Seo was a seventh-degree black belt in the martial art of *tae kwon do*, the reporters naturally had a field day. The *Los Angeles Times* gave him the role for the big fight, mentioning Korean incantations, wrote *The Boston Globe*. "Don't be surprised," it is going to punch me or kick

me," a laughing Cooney once reported. But Seo—with his Korean lightening-bomb championships on his own resume—wasn't hired to teach the champion how to box; his task was more ambitious. Eddie Futch, the legendary fight trainer of Joe Frazier and scores of other world-class boxers, watched Seo work with Holmes and saw him ease the clump and sore of his sparring partners' leg cramps using finger-point massage and other unorthodox methods. Impressed with his credentials, Futch asked Seo to put together a complete program designed to help prevent and treat the kind of injuries commonly incurred in training.

As it turned out, Seo became an all-purpose first-aid man for the entire Holmes camp. The sparring partners, who called Seo "Kato" and "Beast" Lee, "brought him every manner of boxing hurt from sore shoulders to throated eyes; most of which he cured on the spot. He even relieved Futch of a flat-lined knee—the lingering

reminder of a sparring injury.

This certainly qualified as heavyweight sports medicine and was especially intriguing since Seo was using methods that Eddie Futch, with half a century's experience in the fight game, had never seen. What impressed me the most was a remark made by Jerry Williams, one of Holmes's sparring partners. "Most guys," he told me, "you get hurt, they reach for the ice bag or they give you some drug. But I never see one anything but his hands and maybe a little hot water."

That was to be expected. Acupuncture and drugs are generally spurned by practitioners of traditional Korean medicine and much Oriental medicine. Korean sports doctors instead provide treatment using athletic stretching, moist heat, and something called *per ap kyo*, which is not the title of a Charles Parker record, but a form of acupuncture massage that achieves effects similar to acupuncture needles but uses only

the pressure of the thumb and finger. The unique key to Eastern medicine is the remarkable truth it places in the recuperative powers of the human body. I told that Seo, like other Korean sports trainers, is at the forefront of "treating," but this needs qualification. Treatment, for Korean doctors and trainers, is basically only a way to aid the body in healing itself—a strategy that essentially crosses the line between prevention and cure. That's a big difference. The law is very conservative in Western sports medicine, and the result on the field is that athletes are patched up and sent out to play with the substance of their problems still unaddressed. Western treatment is concerned more with immediately reducing pain and getting the player back into the game than with truly healing the ailment.

At least that's what Seo explained to me when I called to discuss Eastern sports medicine with him. The Western ethic is coached, trained, and doctorled in different

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AMERICANS MAY HAVE EMBRACED STRETCHING EXERCISES IN PRINCIPLE, BUT WE STILL CAN'T SEEM TO SHAKE THE WESTERN QUAIS THAT IF IT DOESN'T HURT, IT DOESN'T WORK.

levels by men and women whose knowledge of their colleagues' designs is often sketchy. In Eastern sports medicine, such a division of labor is unthinkable. To see the faces of teacher, trainer, and doctor are inseparable. He plays all of these roles, sometimes even using the same technique in each capacity.

To illustrate his point, Seo brought up the concept of stretching exercises. At the coaching level, he says, he instructs his athletes to stretch in order to develop the appropriate muscles for a particular sport; as a trainer he uses stretching to aid in conditioning and preventing injury; and even at the rehabilitation of injuries he uses them as relaxers, where Western doctors prescribe only rest.

I THOUGHT about this stretching example as I drove up to Seo's home in New Hampshire. I was skeptical, this absolute faith in the powers of stretching seemed wrong to me, somehow off-balance. After all, though stretching is very popular in the United States for years, lately I had noticed a considerable number of backless injured people I respected. I was again hearing the refrain that stretching weakens the muscles—and from people who had started as advocates of stretching. One acquaintance who coached college sports told me he had found that, without appropriate stretching caused in many injuries and prevented.

I brought all this up while talking with Seo. He just looked at me and said I could sense confusion. Stretching is an Eastern tradition that has existed for centuries, and Seo appeared disturbed that we were ready to give it up after trying it for a decade. What has happened, he explained, is that stretching has been misapplied in the West. Despite the considerable efforts represented by books such as Bob Anderson's *Stretching*, which correctly interprets the technique, most teachers in the U.S. do not properly understand it. Basically there are two kinds of stretching exercises, static and ballistic, and we confuse them. We shouldn't. Ballistic exercises are "bouncing" exercises—the touches for instance—in which muscles are rapidly extended and brought back into place. They are the sort of stretches most of us do to warm up, but we suffer from them because, rather than warming you up, they actually cause "cold" muscles to contract. Ballistic exercises are useful in strengthening and conditioning certain muscles, but unless you have already warmed up your muscles, you run the considerable risk of causing stress on tendons and ligaments, which are nonelastic. You can mis-

use them out of place, many of us do. Static stretching exercises, however, are something else. Relaxed and untensed, they place much emphasis on the focus of the stretches as on the actual effort and output at the center of the muscles rather than in the ends. Despite all of our glib learned medical stretching, we have never grasped the fact that distal are the stretching exercises that are capable of miracles. Static stretches do not consist of violent twists and contractions, and we therefore discuss them, they don't make us sweat. We may have embraced stretching in principle, but we can't seem to shake the Western bias that if it doesn't hurt it doesn't work. But static stretches do work. So-called experts? They want the muscles to be stretching them, by allowing a blood and, with it, oxygen. The effect this has on the body is like that of good glamping: the circulation of fresh blood levels and restores waste.

According to Seo, in interpreting this concept most of Eastern sports medicine, we in America have missed the point. Most of us use stretching just to warm up, and we use the wrong exercises to do it. But then Seo raised the issue: the right stretching exercises not only warm you up, they also make you stronger. My friends had been saying that stretching weakens the muscles, but Seo explained that by making muscles more flexible, stretching increases what doctors and athletes call "muscle memory." Efficient strength. A muscle's efficacy is determined by the distance over which it is able to contract. Quite simply, the greater that distance, the more strength the muscles have to do something—but a tennis ball, jump back, anything.

ALL OF this sounded reasonable to me, but still theoretical. Hearing about stretching is like hearing about sex: it sounds great as described, but there is no advantage for doing it. After he finished his lecture, Seo proceeded to show me two stretching exercises, which you can perform in the time it takes to read this. For baseball, tennis, golf—or any sport that emphasizes a sudden shifting of weight back and forth on the legs, thighs, and lower back—try this. Put your left leg together, bending your knees at a 45-degree angle, push out your buttocks and to an on a bench. Clasp your knees and keep your eyes straight ahead. Then, moving from back to right—most of the exercises begin from the left in order to avoid blocking the beam—rotate your buttocks in a circle about the size of a basketball. Now reverse the rotation. When I first did this, it made

me feel silly, but soon my middle felt perfectly warmed.

For more strenuous activities, such as running or the martial arts, you'll want to loosen your neck, lower back, and the backs of your legs. Give this one a try. Place your left arm with your knees straight (but don't lock them)—but pull across the muscles and across your arms palms downward. Now arch your spine, extend your buttocks, and push back. Bounce. Bend down as far as the system will allow and try to touch the floor with your palms. Don't force it; the point is not to touch the floor but to stretch and develop your system. And don't drop your head. Holding it in place is what stretches the neck muscles. Fix on some focal point in direct line with your eyes, and then become one.

After doing these exercises a few times, you will notice why Seo makes stretching the cornerstone of his regimen and why stretching has always been such an important part of the Eastern sports medicine. Not only does a static stretch work out warm you up and improve your efficient strength, it also has a powerful relaxation effect and that relaxation is essential in helping you concentrate.

Seo also makes you pay attention to your breathing and to listen to their own heartbeat; relaxed concentration will follow. When he explained this to me it sounded too basic, like something out of a *Kung Fu* movie. But after several static stretches, the strength of how he concentrates seemed not so much to have been solved as to have disappeared.

I once heard some Chinese athletes asked their opinion of the Greek ideal of a healthy mind and a healthy body. They seemed to be mildly puzzled that an athlete could make such a distinction to begin with. I think I can see why. The coming of tension that stretching promotes makes the previous mind-body unity taught by all athletes something that you feel rather than think about.

I left Seo's home with a renewed faith in the amazing powers of stretching. I was also a little pale. I had been doing Western-style stretching for years, but the exercises Seo showed me had made me feel, and had probably never used before. A couple of days later, though, I felt wonderful. When I stretched I no longer felt a pulling sensation at my tendons and ligaments. Each stretch felt gently satisfying, as if I were warming something up—like that morning in the morning, in fact, when I uncared from my first car, ready to start my day.

ALLEN PARKER has written about sports for *The Village Voice* and the *Chicago Reader*.



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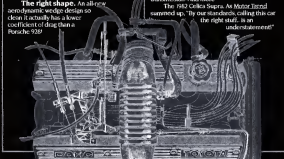
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Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

SMART MONEY Banking on the Beatles



ALL COLLECTIONS—JANIS BEYER

If you ever hope to listen to the sound track album of *The Color Purple*, you can expect to pay more than \$50,000 for the pleasure. That's what several collectors of sound track records have offered for the only genuine copy known to exist. Even at that price, the man who owns the record refuses to sell, though he stands to make a considerable profit from the sale—he bought the album at a garage sale for 50 cents.

At \$10,000 for one record, you'd expect this album to be rare. Among a dozen versions of the Tim Burton drama. Actually, *The Color Purple* is a rather nondescript mix of background music and dialogue from the film. Recently, RCA pulled it from record stores on the second day of its release.

It takes a strange sort of person to pay \$10,000 for a few recorded fragments between an angry Hemphrey Bogart

and an angry Van Johnson, but record collectors as a lot have always been a little strange. In the 1950s and 1960s, when lots of blues recordings found that few of these records ever made their way north of the Mason-Dixon Line, they went down to their graves in the back rooms of the Deep South, leaving open doors and shotgun blasts but occasionally coming back with an old Billie Holiday 78 picked up for a song.

In recent times, these traditionally single-minded collectors have found themselves bidding against a growing number of people looking toward records as a hedge against inflation. With the arrival of restaurants—and a renewed interest in collectible records in general—record collecting has grown from a hobby of the garage sale set into a serious investment in which millions of dollars change hands each year. Not only is the value of collectible records increasing

dramatically, but investors are finding that buying up old Rudy Hilly sides is a lot of a lot more fun than speculating on pork-belly futures.

SETTING RECORDS

While *The Color Purple* is an extreme example of what supply and demand can do to the price of any record, there are plenty of examples of very expensive records. Take, for instance, the last pressing of *The Beatles' Bob Dylan* which contained several songs arranged from later versions and which now goes for as much as \$100 in some auctions. Or the 1970s TV Guide promotion *Elvis Presley sings* a promotional release (making it worth more to collectors because the number is limited) which now goes for over \$100. Or the 1970s TV Guide promotion *Elvis Presley sings* a promotional release (making it worth more to collectors because the number is limited) which now goes for over \$100.

PRICELESS PRESLEY is the extreme popularity of Presley and the Beatles that moved record collecting from the flea markets into Madison Square Garden. The devotion of Presley's fans is legendary, and his death just yesterday has spawned the release of many collectible records. Similarly, the Beatles have continued to grow in popularity to a point where today there are conventions held for the buying and selling of Beatles records alone. As these events back-listable bands play sound-

Most collectible records are sold either at record conventions, through word-of-mouth auctions, or at conventions that take on all the atmosphere of a Calcutta street market. The most notable venue is Goldmine magazine's P.O. Box 187, Fresno, Michigan 48804, the bible of record collecting. In the past several years, Goldmine has grown from a one-sheet newsletter into a thick volume of over two hundred pages, filled with lists of rare records of all kinds up for auction. In Goldmine, you can find everything from Les Paul's "Bluesy" (1951) in rare condition to "Walking the Line" by a variety of the Beatles (1964) (1964).

Goldmine has helped create a viable marketplace for rare recordings, as have the many other magazines published in the past few years. The best of them are by Jerry Osborne and Bruce Hamilton (101 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, 60601), who's been publishing books for dealers and collectors. The past few published books covering sound tracks, coverings recordings such as terms, and such—were a book on the value of Elvis Presley records.

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Man At His Best

FIRST- RATE The Best Boy



First it. When you tell your friends you want to buy a box, they're going to assume you're talking about your next party in a student cottage? They'll ask as they stare at their miniature personal particles and adjust their tiny headphones in astonishment to explain politely that an on-air radio-cassette player doesn't play discs only, that it doesn't necessarily play loud, and that actually, you like sharing the good sounds with others. Think: A power output or at your summer house, what could be classier than a little "World in a Box"?

As you might expect, choosing the best box involves a compromise between the cost, the goals of easy portability and the speaker size needed for accurate sound reproduction. Too often the small, streamlined models have a rough time putting out more than a thin, tinny-sounding sound, and they lack the kind of bass response that won't dissipate in the open air. So it's not surprising that the best boxes are bulky, as portables go. We tried our numerous machines, and our favorite—for the combination of features a offered—was the one Pioneer SK-130. The SK-130 may not deliver the most powerful bass, it's probably the most accurate, it's easily

seen—a feature lacking in some of the fancier boxes.

A graphic equalizer is a refined form of tone control, really. With it you can adjust the relative level of particular segments of the sound spectrum—in effect, removing the music to compensate for bad acoustics or merely to suit your taste. You can bring up the sound of a horn that's getting lost in the shape-crazed, bushy middle range to bring certain lyrics into focus, or boost the bass that sets the beat you need for dancing. All in all, a useful device in a box.

Even when measured by the standards of a home unit, the sound of the SK-900 is hard to fault. In fact, the four-element speaker design is borrowed from floor-standing systems. There are two active speakers and two "passive radiators" which, though they have no magnets or voice coils, vibrate the "radiators" in phase, reinforcing the sound and giving it a richer sound quality. Given the performance and size profile of the box, we could see it without either complaint or skepticism.

For sheer power, the Sanyo MX900K (\$299.95) is your machine. The big knob on it could blow down a wall if it has an eight-watt super-watt, powered by two 10-watt transistors and loudspeakers adjusted by its own control—this is addition to two speakers with no angle six watts per channel. Consider up to full volume a "solid" rock group. And if the sound lacks some of the clarity of that cranked by the Pioneer SK-900, the machine's range of power function is loaded with all the advanced features you need to record with the best of them.

Now, we recognize that everyone has different priorities and only your own ears can tell which box's personality is compatible with yours. Nonetheless, the very best sound we heard came from Pioneer's SK-900 (\$299.95)—though at over 100 pounds it's a real heavy-duty thing for swinging in the trunk. The machine has all the sophistication of the SK-130 plus a six-band graphic equal-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WILSON

SPECIAL PLACES Where to Go the Distance



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WILSON

If you're tired of the short-cut times, like the 100-mile triathlon or the 100-mile triathlon or the 100-mile triathlon, you can get a taste of the real thing by taking a walk during the Boston Marathon. The 26.2-mile race is the longest of its kind in the world, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in Boston, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in Boston, and it's a real challenge to finish it.

Boston's relatively smooth course starts downtown and goes on for 26.2 miles. The race is held in Boston, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in Boston, and it's a real challenge to finish it.

BOSTON

The oldest continuous race of its kind in the world, the Boston Marathon was first held on Patriots' Day in 1897.

and has been repeated every April since, with one exception—when a U.S. Armed Forces race took its place during World War II. According to New York City Marathon director Paul Ladewig, "The Boston Marathon is the country's most important. It acts the standard for the rest of the world, the only one to make qualifying times for entry." To be eligible, a runner under 40 must complete a marathon in 4 hours and 15 minutes, or less.

The race is held in Boston, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in Boston, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in Boston, and it's a real challenge to finish it.

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BOSTON

The oldest continuous race of its kind in the world, the Boston Marathon was first held on Patriots' Day in 1897.

just because it comes in the rain. Sales by over 100,000 copies, a downgrade will propel you all the way to the finish and the certification that you're among the elite because "you've done Boston."

LONDON

If you're planning a trip to London next spring, book your flight with British Airways, which, as a major marathon sponsor, will guarantee your entry in the first 100-mile race of the London Marathon. The surprisingly early course begins at the famous Tower of London, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in London, and it's a real challenge to finish it.

The race is held in London, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in London, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in London, and it's a real challenge to finish it.

HONOLULU

This first-December race is a special event for a winter in Hawaii. The race is held in Honolulu, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in Honolulu, and it's a real challenge to finish it.

NEW YORK CITY

Held every fall since 1970, this is the most famous marathon worldwide and, therefore, the most popular. In 1980, over 40,000 runners participated by mail, person, and pair.

most popular. In 1980, over 40,000 runners participated by mail, person, and pair. The race is held in New York City, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in New York City, and it's a real challenge to finish it.

New York City's marathon is a special event for a winter in Hawaii. The race is held in New York City, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in New York City, and it's a real challenge to finish it.

HONOLULU

This first-December race is a special event for a winter in Hawaii. The race is held in Honolulu, and it's a real challenge to finish it. The race is held in Honolulu, and it's a real challenge to finish it.

Man At His Best

almost eleven hours to complete the course! You wear in pitch-darkness by flashlight's beam the sun, a star of the moon, which will take you along the ocean through thickets. If you can't see enough, you'll witness the first burst of sun hitting the Pacific; you can go Downward Heed. As the sky lightens into day, the old sailors will become more noticeable every mile. Drink water

before you feel you need to, and squeeze the profused sea-water sponges over your head, forehead, arms, and spine to keep your body cool in the tropical humidity. Wear your glaze of the Hawaiian sun lotion, in Kaneohe Park, freshmen can celebrate with the homemade breads, Polynesian rice dishes, and Hawaiian pork specialties that are the only ones—for those willing to wait in line—with a fine massage. —Barbara Reives

CLASSICS

The Seersucker Suit



When it was introduced in America around the turn of the century, seersucker was the lightest, coolest, and cheapest fabric for summer suits. It was a Nanaimo, back then it provided one of those late(ly) middle-class such rejection—not so much because it was an oddly puckered cloth, though that was part of it, but because it was so cheap. Nothing that cheap, the fabric, in sum, was, could be any good. The seersucker suit thus became known as the poor man's suit. So when Damon Runyon took to writing one in the mid-1920s, it caused confusion among his friends. They knew that seersucker is very cheap," he wrote, "and they

cannot reconcile its lowly status in the textile world with... Runyon, the King of Dukes. They cannot decide whether I am being a just setting a new vogue."

The truth of the matter is that while the mass market was shunning them, seersucker was the answer and more expensive, gaudier, seersucker suits were not without their charms. They were most popular in the South, where they were considered a godsend in the sticky summer months. In fact, Hugel Brothers, the New Orleans suit maker that has made seersucker suits since the 1850s, has never had any trouble selling them below the Mason-Dixon Line. Up North, seersucker suits were the

very poor, for whom the price was right, and the very rich, to whom the price meant nothing but for whom the ruffled look had a certain appeal—a welcome change from the starched, well-creased propriety that decorated practically all of life.

This is exactly what Runyon liked about seersucker. It was more than a style, he said, it was a way of life. It legitimized wrinkles. How else, he wondered, could you walk into "21" looking like such a slob? I would have to say that the rich and Damon Runyon were a bit ahead of their time. As a matter of fact, their time, in respect to seersucker suits at least, would be about now, as Jim Giorgio Amato-Perry II is in the age of the soft finish, the worn look, the jeans of use and wear.

In the 1950s, after Runyon was dead, synthetic fibers came into their own and made a contradiction of the whole thing. Seersucker there were seersucker suits that were puckered as before but that wouldn't wrinkle and didn't have to be ironed. To prove the point, Joseph Hugel put on one of his new Gitan-and-cotton seersucker suits and

strided into the Atlantic off Boca Raton. Four hours later he was wearing the same suit, dry and smooth. Meanwhile, in New Orleans, nephew Lee Hugel, similarly clad, hopped into a swimming pool in order to make the same point. All this fancy business convinced the masses that seersucker was okay after all, and it took its poor man's status down.

Today you can wear polyester-and-cotton seersucker suits and be crisp and crinkled all at once if you choose. And yet, synthetic fibers are better made than and more like you cotton all the time, but they aren't the same. Cotton is still cooler, though it may not be more convenient (it does wrinkle and it does shrink) and it certainly isn't cheaper. Hugel continues to make both kinds, but only the pure cotton can be considered classic. Cotton seersucker is the only true descendant of the my Gitan alfabracar silk, which is why, presumably, though most clothes carry only the brand and many carry both, Brooks Brothers—due to its classic status—black only the pure cotton, at \$175.

—John Hereddy

GOOD THINKING Collected Wisdom

Athletes of proverb and dictionaries of quotations are a dime a dozen, but where does one turn for the gritty-gritty advice that your friend, father, or neighbor might offer? Should you buy the motorcycle your neighbor is asking cheap? Billy Rose, if he were there, might say, "Never invest in anything that costs or needs repairing." Don't want to run that last mile? Good would advise, "Endure and persist, this pain will turn to your good." These and other suggestions have been collected by New York Times columnist William Safire and his brother Leonard Safire in *Good Advice*, published this month by Times Books (\$16.95). From sources as diverse as

Blaise Pascal, Seneca, and the Talmud, the authors have collected sayings that address specific questions, ordered under such categories as Maturity, Negotiation, Dieting, Morality, and Golf. And for comparison, they have included bits of other kindred advice: Horatian, questionable, and bad. In his introduction, William Safire writes that his brother noticed that "no book exists that brings together the best advice on good ways to live the good life." Wisdom with the "imperative need that gets you off your butt." With *Good Advice*, you can get an exceptional fix or simply follow Horace Mann's suggestion "Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence."

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PRACTICAL MATTERS Career Counsel

Whether you're fresh-out of college or a veteran of the working world, entering a job hunt can be a terrifying prospect. There are innumerable decisions to be made, from determining what kind of a job to look for to choosing what to wear to an interview. Luckily for the job hunter, there are also innumerable books available that offer advice on every aspect of the hunt. Listed below are a few of the best.

What Color Is Your Future?, by Richard Bolles (Thorsons Press, \$7.95), is the bible of job hunters everywhere. First published in 1972 and updated annually, this straightforward and entertaining guide has sold more than 1.5 million copies. Bolles guides the reader through every step of the job search, pinpointing what doesn't work about traditional job hunting tactics and offering easy-to-follow advice on how to avoid the pitfalls. Also included are worksheets and other resources for self-understanding, which are useful as well as reassuring to the often discouraged job hunter.

Where you want to work can be as important as what you want to do. If, say, Eugene, Oregon, has always been your dream city, before you pack your bags check out how it stacks up against the rest of the U.S. in *Places Rated Alive*, by Richard Beyer and David Simpson (Rand McNally, \$11.95). This recently published book has up-to-date information on climate, housing, the arts, crime, and job opportunities in 277 metropolitan areas. In each section the cities are ranked from best to worst, and the final chapter discusses the places that are most desirable overall (Albany tops the list).

Let's get down to business. How much can you expect to be paid? *The American Almanac of Jobs and Salaries*, by

John W. Wright (Doubleday, \$9.95), details a wide range of jobs and lists average salaries for each. (For instance, a junior's administrative assistant earns from \$36,000 to \$52,000, a starting civil engineer, from \$18,000 to \$25,000.) Not only can you satisfy your curiosity about how much other people earn, you can also learn whether a salary offer is a fair one. Other titles list the careers with the most potential for computer analysts are in demand and those with bluest prospects (insurance and law).

Being settled on a job decision, you need to put your best foot forward. For a concise do-it-yourself guide to the art of resume writing, consult *The Perfect Resume*, by Tom Jackson (Anchor Press/Doubleday, \$9.95). Jackson helps you organize your job history, skills, and personal attributes and determine how best to present them.

When to send the perfect resume can be answered by the next two books. *The Metropolitan New York Job Book* (Silo Adams, \$9.95) lists corporations, hospitals, government job offices, employment agencies, and executive-recruitment firms, with the names of personnel directors or other persons to contact. (Also available are editions covering the Los Angeles, Chicago, and Boston areas.) *The National Job-Finding Guide*, by Vivian Ulrich and J. Robert Conner (Doubleday/Dorland, \$12.95), provides the same information for the entire country, coordinated by type of company and location.

There's no denying the importance of the first job. It's an employee's first job that sets the career path. To help you enter the arena, *Getting on Your First Job* (Doubleday, \$9.95) offers advice on how to make the most of your position when to push for advancement or more money, how to get along with your colleagues, how to deal with your boss—

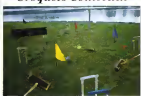
and, most important, how to know when it's time to start looking again.

And again. For those in retirement, Richard J. Diers of the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business has written *The Mid-Career Man* and *A Guide to Making Smart Decisions for Your Work-Future*. *Twice* (Praeger-Hall,

\$9.95). This book helps you assess your current job situation and future goals, and each chapter ends with a "self-exercise" quiz and suggestions for further reading.

It's also a handy reminder—as if we needed one in the present economy—that nothing is forever and that the job hunt never really ends. ■

THE RIGHT STUFF Croquet's Comeback



The latest craze, however faint, is that croquet—yes, croquet—again. It may never arrive, but the game is gradually eliminating itself from a numerous association with censored ladies and gentlemen named Francis and Margaret who dressed in blouses and straw boaters and took tea between shots. The croquet croqueters, real estate tycoons, and assorted other ambitious men playing up the market have turned to the game sanctioned by the U.S. Croquet Association, where the field is larger, the number of wickets is larger—an instead of nine—the rules more complex, and the competition much more intense. This is a game of two-way traffic and very precise shots, and it is, to hear croquet players talk, equally demanding of mental skill and mental agility.

When there's the matter of equipment. Whereas the traditional croquet set all arrived with an children's sized mallet, wide wicket, and short, slight mallets, competitive croquet calls for graphite-tipped one-handed mallets, rapid iron wickets, and hefty straw-bound mallets. Serious players use equipment made by John Jacques & Son of Surrey, England, as devotees have since the 1850s, when John Jacques began manufacturing mallets and balls in London.

Each piece of Jacques' equipment is a precision instrument. The mallets are made of the hardest woods, including hickory (just about the strongest available), and the heads are bound in brass. The compressed-cork, plastic-coated balls are resilient and bounce a little like golf balls. The best high wickets are cast iron.

A complete Jacques set—four mallets, four balls, six wickets, a wicket steeper, and a corner steeper, plus clips, flags, and marking pegs—costs \$1,200. Order through Croquet International (928 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022) or pick up a set at Abercrombie & Fitch in Beverly Hills or Gailor. ■

When there's the matter of equipment. Whereas the traditional croquet set all arrived with an children's sized mallet, wide wicket, and short,

THE SEASONED COOK

Picnics Plain and Fancy



There is a simple reason for having a picnic. You have to eat. And sometimes you find yourself in a place where either there is nothing to eat or what there is to eat isn't fit. So you bring your own.

If you have gotten yourself somewhere where there is no food at all—up on a mountain or out on a river—then your needs are fairly simple. If, on the other hand, you are visiting for the first time at a concert in the park or watching the races at, say, Saratoga, and you aren't in the mood for rubber hot dogs and cardboard pizza, then you'll want something more elaborate. A good rule for picnics: Make the food fit the situation.

Another good rule is that you should be able to eat picnic food with your fingers. That holds whether your picnic is plain or fancy. Anything that you have to get up on a plate, cover with a napkin, and carve with a knife is strictly for those magazine pictures where the food is piled in a willow basket and there is a lovely lady cloth spread on the ground with places neatly set, crystal glasses mysteriously filled, and probably a flower arrangement in the middle of everything. It doesn't happen that way.

Now, the simplest form of picnic food is the sandwich. It

always comes home from a fishing trip talking about the food—as you should get a little farther. Drive your own from glasses instead of straight from the bottle, peasant style, as you would at the beach or on the banks of a trout stream. This sort of picnic does permit a basket and, if you must, a ground cloth. Pack the basket with the following:

Roast quail seasoned with tarragon. This is perhaps the tastiest of the peasant kind, and one half per person is right. That means you don't have to carve, as is necessary with roast chicken.

For something to start off with, hollow out your cherry tomatoes and stuff them with lobster or crabmeat in a lemon sauce. Cut the top off each tomato and squeeze delicately, removing as much pulp as possible. Shred a cold lobster, then add a quarter cup of lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt, and a pinch of white pepper to about a cup and a half of homemade mayonnaise. Mix in the lobster. Spoon carefully into

the cavity of each tomato. Cover and chill.

For a vegetable, go with whole asparagus or green beans in vinaigrette. Now, no exception to the finger-food rule exists, cheese, and prosciutto sliced. Thin slices of new potatoes boiled for exactly two minutes, chilled, and added to matchstick slices of imported Swiss and prosciutto in a homemade mayonnaise.

You should have a fresh French loaf. A whole Breton. Some kind of seasonal fruit, which might as well be strawberries again. For dessert, small peach tarts. Drink a Pouilly-Fuissé or whatever under wine-you-choose. Study the concert program or racing form. Lack your fingers. Enjoy over the lot of the strawberries and wine. Champagne is permitted, either before or after the main course. In fact, almost anything is permitted. Picnics are warm-weather events and, as such, are governed by summer rules. Naturally anything goes.

—Godfrey Newman

THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER Escape by Canoe

If you're like most of us, you've seldom found yourself far away from civilization, enjoying the solitude while testing your skills and endurance. One of the best ways to experience a wilderness area is by canoe, and you can choose no better companion than Herb Gordon, who runs a New York-based outfit called Adventures.

Gordon, a veteran journalist and television producer, has been leading groups into the wilderness for more than twenty years. His adventures often point every summer weekend down the scenic Delaware River in lower New York State and, for the slightly more con-



stant, one- or two-week trips in the Canadian Maritimes. Beginning or novice paddlers will find navigating the dense waters of the upper Delaware a quick antidote for the nine-to-five blues. Gordon and

Drop-Outs



Labor Disruptions



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Swaps



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IT'S WORTH IT.

Man At His Best

an mounted accompany mass-able groups of six to twelve between the towns of Nanauaburg and Port Jervis, New York. They teach essential basics to anyone who needs instruction—and only a foolish person would think he had nothing to learn from Herb Gordon, who unobtrusively reflects competence and savoir-vill. By the second day, the little fella will be negotiating rapids that, while not as the Class IV tests of those seen cranking Bart Reynolds in Delaware, still look pretty damned formidable. By the end of the weekend trip, the group will have paddled through some of the loveliest scenery New York has to offer—passing picturesque little villages, wooded hills, and the foundations of old towns, finally traveling below precipitous, rocky cliffs that soar hundreds of feet over the water.

For really getting away, take an Adventura late-summer expedition into the remote country of central and northern Quebec, where one feels more like a tourist than one of two people a week. Some three to four hundred miles northwest of Montreal is the wild and beautiful riverine section in the Canadian province of Quebec, one of the oldest sections of the earth's crust. The ancient Precambrian-era granite rocks were scored and ground down by ice Age glaciers, which in their retreat left the area in a glorious display of stream bedrock, rounded hills, irregular valleys and cliffs, crystal clear lakes, and strange shapes that are millions of years old. The area is known for beaver, waterfowl, otter, musk, moose, bobcat, lynx, wolf, moose, and bear—although spotting them is not easy. The rivers hold a bounty of pike, muskellunge, bass, and trout.

Gordon prefers creating his own canoe trails to following those mapped out by the Canadian government. He favors the heavily forested Parc de la Waianake, a provincial park about seven hours from the Adventura assembly point in Montreal. In this area, rivers

thread through the ancient hills, often opening up into lakes. The flat-water stretches give way abruptly to rapids, navigable rapids (Classes I-III) and occasional Class IV sections and waterfalls, which call for portage. The pace is moderately strenuous, averaging over twelve miles a day, with a one-day break to fall asleep in the Canadian sunshine.

"It's amazing how much you learn of your own strengths after a day or two of vigorous paddling and a few portages through the bush," says Gordon. "Elemental physical things begin to change within you—a new set of rhythms develop. Instead of worrying about deadlines and jobs, you find the most significant daily concern might be the amount of wind on your back."

By about three o'clock in the afternoon each day, the group begins to scout the shore for a place to camp (there are no campgrounds per se in the area Gordon frequents, this is wilderness). Once ashore, each person tends to his duty: responsibilities for cooking, cleaning, wood gathering, or water fetching. After a hearty meal, campers stare contentedly into a campfire, relish the pleasant sensations of rain, clear some hot well-scented, and hear the haunting cry of a loon echoing across the water and through the forest precinct. The experience of solitude is new and sublime.

The price of a nine-day Canadian trip (August 25-29) is about \$490; longer trips cost more. Adventura furnishes canoes, tents, food, and transportation between Montreal and the wilderness (bring your own sleeping bag). The Delaware canoe (from May 22 to September 16), excluding the weekends Gordon is on the Canadian trip, are \$115; three-day weekends are \$150. Write Herb Gordon's Adventura, P.O. Box 752, Cathedral Station, New York, New York 10623. Tel.: 212-695-4329. Also ask for Gordon's *The Gravel Road* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95), which is indispensable for any outdoorsman.

—David Howard Bass

THE DRINKING MAN Summering with Rum



Rum is best. Made primarily in the Caribbean from the sugar cane that is grown there in abundance, it is associated in our minds with escapades, white-hot beaches, starchy tropical hotel rooms with slowly turning ceiling fans. Rum is the soothing antidote that fortified English sailors against sea sickness. It is the roasting warmth in the over-frying, greasy slushiness of the club lounge. It is the fireweed of buccaniers.

You are saying that rum is not for August, that we need our merriments of the Caribbean in dead winter, not now. And yet both light and dark rums fulfill summertime functions.

Rum ranges in its density and associations. The most popular here, known for its involvement between coolers and the light-bodied rum from Puerto Rico, which are best for tropical concoctions like the pina colada, the daiquiri, the rum tea, and the planter's punch. And they are excellent for simple mixing: soda, tonic, cola (with a lime squeezed and dropped into it), sweetener, to denote all that necessary, and strong juice and all weather pleasures. Rum and mixer are pungent, quavering and breezy; that their soda counterparts but in no way port or sprightly as drinks made

with gin often are. They are wonderful—fizzy, cool, it is both common and appropriate for summer rum drinks to be infused with elaborate fruit gardens.

Deep at the heart of summer are the dense, sticky rums from the English- and French-speaking Caribbean Islands. Myers's and Appleton's Jamaica, Mount Gay of Barbados, and Saint James of Martinique all make dark, full-bodied rums with the class and breadth of fine whiskey. And like whiskey, they are best appreciated drunk straight, or simply on ice. The taste—heavy, sweet, and spicy—attends darkness and secrecy; dark rum possesses a distinct kind of mystery. If we were to use the word *brandy*, it is more fitting, a powerful Lauren Bacall, or Ismael Bergman in *Nostalgia*.

Which is why, perversely, dark rum makes affable summer antidotes. Its liquor leaves your breath better, more suggests the clandestine as sweetly, more is so distastefully delicious. If it is human nature to welcome a hardship for its eventual rewards, to add to a burden in order to make it conquest that much sweeter, then perhaps rum is the quintessential summer beverage, the drinking man's way of fighting fire with fire. ♦

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DOCUMENTARY

Esquire

125 Restaurants You Can Rely

When you want to close a deal, fall in love, relax with friends, grab some late-night glamour, or savor the past, you need just the right place. We've asked restaurant critics in twelve cities to tell us where they and their readers go when they are after something more than food. *by Carole Lalli*

THERE'S MORE TO EATING OUT THAN SIMPLE nourishment or gastronomic adventure. More often we go to a restaurant (ode business, to use some one-speak, to use friends, or to explore a different world—the late-night high life, for example, or the past.

Whatever it is you're setting off to a restaurant to accomplish, you'd better be sure to choose just the right place. The restaurant who makes you feel warm and tender when you're dining with that special someone will be an annoying distraction when you're trying to close a deal. And when you're out to catch up with friends, you don't want to hear the high-powered hum of business being done all around you. What do you want? We asked some people who understand what to do to describe what makes them work—or not work—for certain purposes. Then we asked restaurant critics in twelve cities across the country to tell us where they and their readers would go to make a deal, to fall in love, to relax with friends, to grab some late-night glamour, or to savor the past. While the style and quality of the food was considered, it wasn't the main issue—when you're after something other than food, there's more to think about than the merits of the bearnaise sauce.

For every, the business meal is an opportunity to explore, connect, or maintain relationships with clients and contacts. In the blue-chip set world, the

CAROLE LALLI is the senior food editor of *House and Garden* and writes frequently on restaurants. Research assistance for this article was provided by Victoria Esposito.

instance, lunch may be used to pander the prospective buyer of a \$250,000 painting, although, as one New York dealer says, "you are actually buying a painting at lunch." For others, the business-meal game is hardball. Roger Altman, the thirty-six-year-old managing director of Latent and Brothers, the stock-street banking firm, says that for him the purpose of a business lunch is to come to some sort of agreement. "Let's talk about it," is not good enough. "Altman craves some of New York's temples of gastronomy because, he says, there it's where the businessmen have the energy needed for deal making. A place like New York's Le Cirque, which he might attend in other circumstances, is "too laid-back—the kitchen is antithetical to business. It would be impossible to lean across the napkins and say, 'One to 10.'" Altman prefers places like "21," which has "the smell and feel of business being done—it crackles with it." For the same reason, he also uses the Polo Lounge in Beverly Hills and Le Lion d'Or in Washington, D.C., for business meals.

Though the guile and styles of the business lunch (or breakfast or dinner) vary, those who dine out for professional reasons agree on certain basic requirements. Privacy is important; it's invariable in rooms where the tables are set far apart, but it can also be found in places where there's so much noise that overhearing the conversation at the next table is impossible. Attention (but not overbearing service) is another requisite. Arnold Cohen, an associate partner at the San Francisco office of Rudolph, Grunig and Merrill, the architectural firm, has been lunched downtown at Doron Kofner more than fifteen years because he knows that there won't be any unpleasant surprises and that the conversation will center to all needs, whether simple or elaborate. (On one occasion, Cohen had to criticize clients whom he knew to be kind of glib.) Another friend provided a brace of wild ducks, and, for a modest George, Doron's kitchen prepared them.) The final requirement for a serious business lunch is food that is good but simple. As one young investor put it: "Nothing to eat a stuffed, plain fish, no dessert, no fish cake." It usually costs about eighty-five dollars.

For romantic evenings, privacy is essential, and an atmosphere that fosters a sense of intimacy can't hurt. Roger Altman, who was recently married, came to as much of his courting at tables for two in the New York City's Café de Paris and, for its sentimental view of lower Manhattan, Brooklyn's River Café. "If you have a table on the water," he says, "you are only that view and each other—it is quite moonstruck." Luxurious surroundings and culinary refinements are not off-limits. Maria Walker and her husband, Irwin—the producer of *Raging Bull*, *The Confession*, and the *Andy* movies—recall the "luxur-

urious joy" of peripatetic wild-mushroom and pasta with white truffles at Le Cirque and La Grenouille in New York. And the Four Seasons's incomparable roasts potatoes—two rounds of hand-grated potatoes sandwiching a thick layer of sour cream heavily alighted with Behnig cream—is a treat the Walkers share only with each other.

The requirements for a restaurant where one might dine with friends vary according to the friends in question. As usual, Cohen reports that "the height of casual elegance" can be found at Portofino, in Portofino, Italy, a great seafood restaurant where "the rich park their jets and stop for three-hour lunches in sailing clothes." Closer to his home—and closer to most people's idea of a place in which to meet friends—is Perry's, a San Francisco saloon with a handsome mahogany bar up front and two dining rooms in back. Perry's often what most people meet when they choose to get together with friends at a restaurant rather than at home: a relaxed atmosphere, a staff that doesn't rush you, reasonable prices, and tables that will seat more than two or three. Cohen also likes MacArthur Park, a place where he can feel comfortable in sport clothes and where the bartenders, ribs and chicken allow the atmosphere to relax during eating with your fingers.

When your goal is late-night gluttony, food often takes a back seat. A late-night crowd seems to be the biggest draw, but programs, music, theme, and both restaurants also grab people in from the night. Cohen (who says he never abandons the "glib" idea to go to Odeon in San Francisco for the smart crowd, the good French food, and the view across the bay to San Francisco) also recommends the Forge in Miami Beach, which is lavishly decorated with crystal chandeliers and stained glass and has an extraordinary wine list.

Very old restaurants that are still in operation connect us to the past in ways that even the greatest old buildings cannot. We do not simply walk through them or gaze at them respectfully from a distance. Instead, we stay awhile and get a taste of what preceded the best of our modern-day life: some of the traditions of the table, and in Boston, San Francisco, New Orleans, and New York a handful of them are important threads in local histories. However often, which have grown so deeply that even the current past seems foreign, restaurants that are local landmarks may be only twenty or thirty years old.

Whatever your reason for going to a restaurant, and wherever you go, you'll get a bit of private space in a public place. It's worth your while to choose the place with care. For the right restaurant will not only accommodate your use of the moment—but business parties, love, friend—but will enhance and maybe even advance it.

ATLANTA

90-0131 184 Clark. Atlanta's oldest hotel is Georgia Tech's new home, offering a mix of historic and modern amenities. The hotel is located in the heart of the city, near the Georgia Institute of Technology.

Business

Don's, 252 Peachtree St., 404-237-7057. People who want to eat over lunch like Don's for its location in a downtown office building, its fast-food-like decor (chrome and dark brown and green), and its superb food (particularly the hot and cold deli). Don's is a great place to go for a quick lunch or a late dinner. Don's is a great place to go for a quick lunch or a late dinner.

The Metropolitan, 200 Peachtree St., 404-677-7000. Since this Peachtree Center restaurant is at the back of the business area, the clientele is strictly business people, says Hunsicker. The kitchen is far apart, the waiters are discreet, and the food is good, especially the lunch and the seafood.

Cosmo, 200 Peachtree St., 404-677-7000. Popular with the advertising and media crowds, according to Hunsicker. Cosmo is in a twenty-year-old, which makes it an institution in Atlanta. There is a lively bar and a huge hot food menu that features steaks and seafood.

Romance
The Renaissance-Henrietta Inn, 800 E. Peachtree St., 404-237-7057. The Renaissance-Henrietta Inn is a lovely restaurant with a garden, with an open-air light garden area highlighted by large signs of flowers.

"This is the best restaurant in Georgia," declares Cohen. "It's not in an historic area and you don't need to go with someone you're not sure of food of, which you get out of their yard and make a mistake." The menu is Continental, with some game. "They do a superb vegetable terrine, and all dishes are superb," Cohen says.

Bo's, 205 Peachtree St., 404-237-7057. It is the food as much as the sparkling crystal and mirrors that draw the crowd here, according to Hunsicker. The food is the "soulful" (Hunsicker) center "very elegant, very romantic and seductive. It puts you in the mood for romance—the perfect place for example, is a romantic celebration of love and art, beauty and music."

The Old Virginia Inn, 200 Peachtree St., 404-677-7000. Most diners visit from downtown as the Old Virginia Inn is a beautiful historic home with its lush and vegetable garden and honey hand-painted interiors. Enjoy accompanied by the mother and the son of the Old Virginia Inn. The food is the "soulful" (Hunsicker) center "very elegant, very romantic and seductive. It puts you in the mood for romance—the perfect place for example, is a romantic celebration of love and art, beauty and music."

With Friends
Navy's Greek Restaurant, 200 Peachtree St., 404-677-7000. Navy's is devoted with a painting of Greek scenes, including one of the owner's home village. The menu is mostly Greek, "nothing too big and nothing is up," says Kostas. "You can't go there and not have a good time." The restaurant is in the heart of the city, near the Georgia Institute of Technology.



HISTORY OWNERS BO DAVIS AND STEVE KNOWLTON AND MANAGER RICHARD WILSON. The restaurant is located in the heart of the city, near the Georgia Institute of Technology.

The waiters at Philadelphia's City Tavern wear Colonial clothing and serve such Early American dishes as beef "pye."

PHILADELPHIA, 2017 *Editor*: 302-321-0084

Sometime later when the celebration can be held at Penn's, according to Johns, whether the "beefie" meal of local fare "Penn's offer good, cheap, basic food, including soups, four potato dishes, and homemade bread."

Late Nights

TOP OF THE POYDIE, Poughkeepsie Blvd. 2 Washington Blvd., 302-900-0080

The row through three after walls in appreciation the crowd is, says Harris, is "very big." The menu offers everything but well prepared standards of Continental cuisine, such as duck, lamb and pork to shrimp. The live music music comes just, show times, and pop standards.

LA RUTHERFORD, East Rutherford, Fort Lee, New Jersey 2017 *Editor*: 302-900-0084
The crowd is a double lot and people who work across the street at Ford headquarters, which provides the hotel's cocktail lounge with a striking view. Silver describes the food as "French and Chinese food and spring rolls. Before opening, most food with regular menu," as "Chinese" and "Thai" class. "Dinner are served until 30.30pm. The happy hour starts at 5pm and last for 1 hour in open-air view area."

History

POUGHKEEPSIE WINE CELLAR, 2017 *Editor*: 302-900-0084

The Wine Cellar is not part of the Poughkeepsie, which is downtown as a hundred-year old building. The cellar features French wine and the, old-fashioned light bulbs. The restaurant opened in 1930. Although this has, along with the good service and pleasant French-style food, "to come."

JOE'S GARAGE, 300 W. Linnell, 302-900-0084
The Moon City Garage is a casual eatery, especially late, with auto parts hanging up all over the place. There is a flower planter table from an engine block, artwork made from empty headlights and so on. Joe's Garage is, however, near the Poughkeepsie Hotel, and, according to Harris, a "lot of people come here."

HOUSTON

HOUSTON, 2017 *Editor*: 302-900-0084

Business

NICK'S FINESTEAK, 1000 Fannin St., 302-900-0084

The main popular place in town for business deals, according to the critics at Nick's Weekly and the Houston Chronicle. The food is, however, very good, according to the Chicago Nick's, each has a

into old dishes at 10000 prices. "The drinks are good and reasonably priced, and so are the menu items—especially the burgers."

Late Nights

ANDERSON'S, The Hilton Garden Hotel, 300 W. Linnell, 302-900-0084
One of the few late-night places in town, according to Nick's Weekly's critic. "After the last cocktail, London's critic, Anderson's is a well-known dining and dancing spot, close to oak and brass. There is a lot of food and drink, and the service here are a popular selection."

1200 PONTIAC, 300 Pontiac, 302-900-0084
"After the last late-nighters go," according to the critic at the Houston Chronicle, Anderson's is a well-known, modern neighborhood, this open duplex has small indoor windows. Mediterranean dishes, and "a nice view of great big patio (2000 sq. ft.)." The same offers dishes that are light, casual, and diverse. The parts and the service are recommended.

THE WINE PRESS, 1002 W. Gray, 302-900-0084
The Wine Press is a shopping center, but the shopping center is at the very last of Gray Oaks neighborhood. The Houston Chronicle critic says that only the very steady will be comfortable. The house is mostly low—black and white tile and glass blocks—in its interior, which includes a lot of food.

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LOS ANGELES

LOS ANGELES, 2017 *Editor*: 302-900-0084

Business

THE PINK LOUNGE, The Beverly Hills Hotel, 3000 Sunset Blvd., 302-900-0084

This restaurant is the best place for the last of the night. The house specialties are beautiful. Good chicken and seafood. "Everyone goes there," says the critic at the Houston Chronicle. "It is a beautiful tradition."

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BALLY <small>OF SWITZERLAND</small>				CRICKETEER	JAYMAR	<small>If you don't look good, we don't look good.</small> VIDAL SASSOON	CARRERA <small>PORSCHE DESIGN</small>
				Clarks <small>OF ENGLAND</small>		Jantzen <small>MADE IN THE U.S.A.</small>	ULTIMATES <small>BY BMW</small>
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	THE Esquire COLLECTION Fall 1982 <small>Coming in the September issue of Esquire</small>		pierre cardin FORMALWEAR	Ron Chereskin	Lagerfeld	HOM	Giom Versace CHARIVARI
JOCKEY		SUSAN BENNIS WARREN EDWARDS	Wilkes Bashford		Perkins Shearer <small>est. 1892</small>		Esquire

by Ron Rosenbaum

Do You Know Vegas?

You may think you know
its garish, gaudy, sinful soul.

But you haven't met **Wayne Newton**,
Mr. Las Vegas himself

THE WAY WAYNE NEWTON EXPLAINED IT TO ME, IT ALL STARTED WITH A POSTMIDNIGHT PUNCH-OUT IN A PRIVATE SUITE AT THE PHOENIX HOTEL.

WAYNE IS KNOCKING THEM DEAD IN THE FRONTIER'S SHOWROOM WHEN THESE TWO WISE GUYS SWAGGER ONTO THE CASINO FLOOR AND START KNOCKING WAYNE LOUDLY THERE'RE DEMANDING TO see the singer, and they're not just talking tickets to the second show. His way, they're not going to be satisfied unless they get a live-to-see sit-down with the *Midnight Idol*, a "business meeting." About some partnership deal they claim Wayne backed out of. Well, people begin to get nervous. The cemo "boss" tries to quiet the troublemakers down. No dice. They're not leaving until they settle their problems with Wayne Newton personally.

The casino host calls up to Wayne's dressing room between shows, tells him these two bad news guys claim to know how to make some deal. Wayne recognizes one of the neties. It seems he had been involved with this guy to the extent of co-sponsoring a \$500,000 tour to land an entertainment supplement the guy was publishing. But the money and the supplement have since got of sight, and Wayne doesn't want to sink any more into it. He doesn't want to see the guy or his loud-talking friend.

So what Wayne does first is send the Bear down to talk to the guys. "The Bear" is what they call Mike Farish, Wayne's longtime personal aide. A very large person whose intimidating size and ardent demeanor make him a formidable bodyguard. The Bear goes up to them and tries to explain it in a gentlemanly way: no more business deals, no personal audience with Wayne.

But the wise guys aren't gonna take no for an answer even from Ron Rosenbaum, so everything is screaming for Wayne. And, based on his piece "The Last Secrets of Shari and Charles" in the September 1977 *Esquire*.

the Bear. They're gonna see Wayne, they say, or...

So, Wayne tells me, "I tell Bear to get a suite and we go upstairs and I go walking into the room and this one guy I don't know comes up to me and he says, 'Lassen Newton,' with his finger in my chest. So I backhanded him and knocked him about thirty feet. Then I grabbed the other one and I said, 'What's this?' and he's gotten off the floor and says, 'You said partner.'"

"Partner is what? I say,

"In the paper," he says.
"I said, 'I understand it's books. Is that a fact?' and this guy wouldn't answer me, so I slapped him. Then they went running out of the room and the next thing I know we were getting all these death threats..."

Well, in the fallness of time, the death threats led Wayne to make the fatal call to someone fellow known as Guido the Bull, which somehow led to a sit-down in a Bridgport, Connecticut delatessness with some members of the Gambino crime family, which brought the death threats to a dead stop but started on a new series of anonymous calls threatening to exact from Wayne a hidden interest in his Aladdin Hotel Casino, which led to a secret grand jury investigation and the specter of "hidden interests," to the extent of Wayne's "larging" self in time, another series of death threats, which sent him fleeing to Mexico for safety.

It's a tangled tale, and the bits and pieces that have come out in



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY WALKER

WAYNE NEWTON: From pop aberration to macho power broker.

the papers have left him of people wondering just how the original chorboy, Wayne Newton, got involved with music and singing? Was there some secret Sinatra-like web of "friendships" with the boys in the Birdland camp?

But let's backtrack a little here, back to the former punch-out. Let's look at what we might call a personal error on the part of the two original lead-coaching lead guys, a misadventure that might have done it. It's something anyone who knows Las Vegas knows by now, it's something even Johnny Carson knew by then. Wayne Newton is not a Wayne Newtoning singer.

If you know Las Vegas, you know that already. If you know Las Vegas, you know Wayne Newton is more than the Midnight Blue, more than Mr. Escarpment in Vegas, he's the center of a veritable cult in the town. If you don't know Vegas, if you haven't been accosted by tourists' "just back from Vegas" raves about the supreme male experience of being serenaded by Wayne Newton performance, if you haven't heard the worshipful reverence with which hard-boiled Las Vegas boys, cynical casino dealers, and sophisticated chorboys girls all speak of "Mr. Newton," then you're probably stuck with a woefully outdated image of Wayne. You probably still have a vague two-decades-old memory of a cheeky, adolescent kid with the pre-pubescent baby-fat soprano voice belting out schlocky throwback "novelty" hits like "Dance Schwan" and "Red Wings in a Blue Lady."

If you don't know Vegas, you might be tempted to draw Wayne with Tey Tey as a brief flirtatious aberration in the evolution of pop music, a phenomenon preserved as a cultural artifact only as the occasional burst of yelps in Johnny Carson monologues. But Johnny Carson doesn't tell Wayne Newton jokes anymore. Not since a budding six-foot-three black-belt lounge expert named Wayne Newton walked into Carson's office, brand the murder he'd performed up with Steve Horowitz, and all but threatened to throw the comedian if he didn't cut out the ridicule of Newton's femininity and effeminate image ("I'm not making big jokes about me," as the guy Wayne explained it to me). Not since Wayne got that laugh-in-Carson on the floor alongside the prepossessive of the huge Aladdin Hotel Casino, according where Carson and his partners had lured in their to take over the huge \$100 million Strip property and teaching the comedians a lesson in Las Vegas power plays. If you know Vegas, you know Wayne Newton has become a big-shot, muscle power broker, a tough guy in the toughest

town left in the West. He has built an entertainment empire out of what was once a lounge act, transformed himself into a Tom-Jerry-type sex symbol, become the highest-grossing entertainer in Las Vegas history (surpassing Sinatra and Elton)—the only entertainer ever to become an owner of a casino.

If you know Vegas, you know that somehow this formerly fat kid with only two tap-dance in the past two decades has somehow captured and reconsecrated, become an emblem of, the essence of *Vegasness*. Or, as that sage of show biz, Merv Griffin, so accurately summed it up: "Las Vegas without Wayne Newton is like Disneyland without Mickey Mouse."

All of which raises the large and disturbing question: Do we really know Vegas?

If you know Las Vegas, you know that Wayne Newton is not a Wayne Newton joke anymore.

Sure, we know the daily, apocryphal images that appear repeatedly in Vegas literature. We all know the ballads "Star and Rainbow" in *Blister* (Thompson's "Seven Journeys to the Heart of the American Dream," "The air-conditioned pagoda for unemployed sinners in Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*." The master greater discoverer of *The Godfather's* Vegas. The worried and puffed patches of the last-second small-timers in John Gregory Dunne's *Vegas: A Memoir of a Lost Season*.

"Darkness, Evil, Apocalyptic, Most Vegas literature propels us and cautions, self-consciously into the city, forcing it to serve as the dark mirror of our most nightmarish image of ourselves."

But Wayne Newton? He doesn't exactly fit into this vision of Vegas, does he?

"The young son of two half-American Indians had a dream of success," Wayne's press kit biography informs us, "and because of his dream, his hard work, his talent and involvement, Wayne Newton has embodied the American dream." The midwestern hippie-punk that Hunter Thompson did, including a "massive invasion of Harlow's Ager," is home sweet home to the innocent Horatio Alger dream

of the man they call Mr. Las Vegas. And so I set out for Las Vegas to spend a couple of weeks with Wayne and his entourage, convinced that the American has failed to fully embrace the ideal city, and certain that if we can't understand the Wayne Newton phenomenon, we can't really say we know Las Vegas.

Hidden Interests

Running at the Aladdin Hotel, Wayne's Brenno-Hyattine Arabian Nights gambling palace. A huge tower on the south end of the Strip launched by Teamster boss, the Aladdin was put up for grabs when the last act of owners met themselves convicted in federal court of violating the laws against allowing "hidden interests" access to casino cash.

Up on the football-field-sized casino floor, the evening action is beginning to build, but the real spectacle is the long line of football players smoking on way around the tables and the slots, devoutly staring ahead at the un-sit-unpacked doors of the Ragged Showroom. Some of them have been positioning themselves since before noon for a chance at a choice seat at the first of Wayne's two nightly appearances.

Down in the dressing room complex, nested in the cabash of corridors beneath the Ragged Showroom stage, the rear circle of Wayne's retainers and hangers-on have begun to gather, awaiting the arrival of the Chief, so they call him—in part out of deference to his half-Indian heritage, in part just out of deference.

It's a city, well-contained complex, consisting of Wayne's most sanctums, where Poochie, his wardrobe mistress, is readying Wayne's wine-dark second-shave top, and an order party room, complete with coaches and plush carpeting, wet bar, velour-covered and slatted barstools, and a crew of aides, bodyguards, and scolders.

Sitting at the wet bar, I'm listening to a strange story told by two of the Chief's key attendants, Lola Paden, the sly black songstress who has attracted her million-dollar from TV-commercial car-crazy to Vegas headliner to Wayne's show-biz wizardry, and Monte Malton, Wayne's leathery onetime executive secretary.

Lola and Monte are rattling over the puzzling detours of the latest episode of Wayne's budding powers.

Yes, budding powers. Several members of the Wayne Newton cult have told me stories of miraculous recoveries from drug diseases, directly attributable to the Midnight Blue's healing ministrations, as if he were a kind of show-biz shaman.

This latest story Lola and Monte are relating starts out like another of those ori-

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upright tales of show-biz sentiment but also as unexpected humor.

There was this young girl in Kentucky who worshipped Wayne along with all others who walked the face of the earth. But she was dying of MS and I looked like she'd never get to see her one dream come true: to watch Wayne strut on stage.

Someday Wayne heard about the situation. He arranged for her and her family to be flown at his expense to Vegas to see the show and then on to Disneyland.

The next weekend I was a glistening, cleft-on-the-lips girl, frankly I was drunk, she had something to live for. By the time she touched down in Vegas, by the time Wayne brought her up onstage and kissed her in the height of his show, sang his heart out for her, her improvement, everyone said, had been nothing short of miraculous.

But then, two days later, she died suddenly, before reaching Disneyland. After Wayne, it seemed, the Magic Kingdom had little left after Wayne, she had nothing left to live for.

Shaking his head over this sad tale of events in the Real, Wayne's chief aide, the man dealing with the show guys in the Frontier, he stands at the locked dressing room door after the show dealing with all the people who line up backstage are to be admitted to the thought carry their cameras in. After Wayne goes home to his wife and Casa De Shenandoah, his mansion in the desert.

Then there is Michael, a slim, serious-looking fellow who stands behind the bar and, while waiting to wait on them, seems to sweep the room with every eye. I don't know if Michael's primary job is security. I do know that a week later, just before we board the Conquest to take us from Vegas to San Antonio, where Wayne will meet with President Reagan, I watched Michael remove a stick handgun from a shoulder holster and flip it to the trunk of one of Wayne's limos, leaving the gun behind in delirious to the Secret Service's attention. I was the only person to know about the President.

The chatter of applause from the Backstage Showman above our heads heralds the arrival of Mr. Eccentric himself, fresh from the first-show triumph. He struts through the dressing room door, guided by Peaches and a cloud of Paco Rabanne. Sweeping through the outer dressing room and into his inner sanctum, Wayne hands Peaches his towel—a glossy black member with a relatively soft, thin (though) texture of sequins sewn around the shoulder and chest. He takes off the massive turquoise and silver Indian belt with the horn eye embraced upon it (a gift, I was told, from his fellow Cher-

isco-tribe descendants). He gulches at some fresh Paco Rabanne, slips into the lamplously well-worn crushed-black-velvet smoking jacket he prefers for relaxing between shows, and emerges—the King of the Strip—to greet his loyal subjects, guests, and visitors.

I have to admit, I was surprised by Wayne's physical presence. All I'd had to go by before now was a truly awful night-by-night glory head shot that arrived with his press as before I left for Vegas. It's the same basic shot that's been blown up billboard-size all over Vegas and all over the Aladdin. The still is a badly engineered attempt to bring out Wayne's putative resemblance to Errol Flynn, part of his ongoing to land his dream role, the lead in the feature film of Flynn's autobiography, *My*

a black guy in some places but not in others. So there were a lot of dummies.

And that was even before he started making his records in a girl's voice. As he says of that strange, usually indescribable time in which he sang "Denise Schauer," "I went to bed one night thinking I'd get the number one hit on the charts, and I woke up with the whole world thinking I was a German guy."

And what about his voice now? It's nothing like that eerie, vaguely Telemite, almost hermaphrodite wail. It's pure a husky, laid-back, low-key, good ol' boy southern-best-act, best-framed drawl and you get an idea of how impressively smooth Wayne Newton sounds now as he takes me to jam him, his lawyer, and his longtime musician, Mark Morano, Loh's manager, for a couple of hours the complex christian conspiracy he's been the victim of—according to the indictment entitled *U.S. v. Guido Pinos, aka Wolf*.

Over plates of crumbly bread stuffed with the kitchen's high-priced "Contestant" restaurant (called El Continental), Wayne fills me in on the terror-filled days that followed the Frontier blood punch-out.

The death threats he started getting after whipping the two white guys weren't aimed just at him, but at his child, he says: "I'd get calls in the morning telling me the exact route my five-year-old daughter was taking to school that day. The authorities said they couldn't do anything but wait. This wasn't me, this was my daughter. So I got Guido's phone number. And that was it. The threats just stopped."

"Then they started coming after me," Mark Morano says. "I'd get calls saying, 'Be real careful when you start your car this morning.' And words." So I gave Mark Guido's phone number," says Wayne.

"Some thing, these calls just stopped," Mark says.

Just who was this Guido, aka the Bull, whose phone number was handy? According to Wayne's attorney before the Nevada State Gaming Board, he first met Guido when he was a teenager singing at the Copacabana in New York City.

"He came in and sat in front of the stage and waved a business-dollar bill and asked me to sing a song. I did the song and released the money, which astonished him. Then I ignored him the rest of the night and the next night he sent a waiter to say that he might have an audience and be asked one who I released the money. And my attorney said that I was paid for what he wanted, not that I was the first attorney that ever released money from him. From that point on he would come in

Wayne bursts through the dressing room door, trailed by Peaches and a cloud of Paco Rabanne.

Richard. Richard Wags. But the resident photo—complete with govt film Vaseline and fishing wedge of white teeth—makes poor Wayne look like an over-the-hill, stage-glide parody of Flynn.

Which is why his actual presence comes as such a surprise. He is his own youthful, vital thing, and indeed Flynn-like, in the flash that the tremble machine-like-Errol still suggests. And he's a big, ringy guy—six foot three, with broad shoulders and a muscular frame.

Wayne likes to talk about his body. First he tells me how he built himself up doing weight training with Stone Reeves. Now he dropped a hundred pounds using a "Cancer stick diet" of his own devising. How he got his black belt in karate. He also likes to show his scars. From the days before he was transposed himself into a tough guy, "Look here," he says, pointing with his index fingers to the ends of his eyebrows. "Look at these scars."

I look closely and see some face lines that look like his teeth lines, but no scar tissue. Am I looking in the right place? "I got these scars when I was a kid in Arizona," he says. "I was half Indian and there was a lot of prejudice—they'd shove



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serious rights with groups of people and with bets on the fact that neither how much money he held up I wouldn't take it."

"Did you know that he is a purported member of the Gambino organized-crime family?" a Gaming Board member asked.

"No, I did not," Wayne replied. Still, there was that shadowy number 10. Both Wayne and Mark used it, and it seemed to have gotten results.

Wayne and Mark are disarmingly forthright about offering to someone who—they must have realized—would not use the same deplorable tactics they say, Cyria Vance on settling their problems. When the talk returned to Vegas (which and the name of a mutual friend who was having a some problems come up, one of them asked, "We ought to go to see Guido's number 10." "Yeah, I will have it," said the other. The number was raised so lightly that I was tempted to ask for Guido's number.

But Guido's phone calls were not laughing matter to the federal grand jury in New Haven that indicted him and his Connecticut-based cronies, the late Frank Piccolo (known also by various like three months after the indictment came down, for election conspiracy, the Feds, who had apparently been tapping calls between the cronies, alleged that after Guido the Bull got the death threats against Wayne and Mark called off, he and Frank conspired to use the favor to loan to Wayne, Mark and even Lolo to control assets from them, including—frankly—Wayne's—his extensive real-estate holdings in Connecticut.

Although the indictment makes clear that Wayne was a victim of, rather than a participant in, the alleged conspiracy, and although a grand jury eventually acquitted Guido, there's a lot more at stake here for him than his legal troubles.

There's Wayne's prospective political career. His attorney at the election case, Frank Fitzkegl, also happens to be Republican State Chairman of Nevada.

The talk about Wayne's prospective is no mere FBI piffle. Fitzkegl says: Wayne is a hero to the working people in Vegas—he went to bar for the bartenders and waiters when Samuels Corp. tried to cut out their dinner lines, he does benefits for children and charities he could be a serious contender for a Senate seat should Lolo move up to Vice-President or higher. Fitzkegl has had Wayne deliver stirring political speeches, he says, he's convinced the chairman of the Nevada State Board of Control from the showmen stage to the political arena.

But the suggestion of "mob connections" could destroy that dream. Wayne's got to keep himself clean if he wants to join

the class of Donny Osmond from neighboring Utah who also reported to be coming for a seat in the nation's great deliberative body. If it were over faced that Wayne did make a hidden interest of any sort to the Bull, Wayne could be not only out of politics but—just like the diluted previous owners of the Golden—out of the casino business too.

Tonight, however, here in the flickering candlelight of El Comodoro, Wayne turns to me, looks me in the eye, and in his deepest, huskiest, most sincere voice swears, "They never got a cent out of me."

Figuring Out The Show

When I tell people I personally sat through twelve Wayne Newton shows in two days, I am met with curious stares and

Wayne turns to me, looks me in the eye, and swears, "They never got a cent out of me."

a certain amount of incredulity. But a dozen shows at a stretch is nothing from the perspective of veteran auditors of the Wayne Newton act.

The next afternoon Nora Matula introduced me to a fellow named Gary from Alberta, Canada, who claimed to have gone as high as two hundred Wayne shows a year for several years before I figured out to about fifty a year for the past six years, he told me. But he's not unique, he said, he knows of many others still going as high as the hundreds every year.

And then there's the extraordinary story of Gary's son. Get this: He came to Vegas as his daydreamer and managed to take his hands to thirteen Wayne shows in fourteen nights.

Of course, you don't have to go to The Show (as it is reverently referred to) twelve or thirteen times to see how successful it is. You can listen to Wayne's press agent rave about it as a money-making phenomenon.

"The man makes a million dollars a month from that show alone," Two shows a night, seven days a week, forty weeks a year, and for fifteen years never an empty seat. He's the biggest money-maker in the

history of Vegas. Nobody has drawn less than weekly week-end. Not Elvis, not Sinatra. There's just no comparison."

But to figure out how Wayne accomplishes this, you have to study him carefully. After a dozen shows I begin to see how slowly he incorporated two key concepts of Vegas into his act. At the heart of Wayne's meandering mastery over his audience is the notion of Suspending the Rules and his invocation of the Surreal Meeting myth.

People who come to Las Vegas leave the safety of their homes and bring their year's savings to a precarious place perched in a desolate landscape that refused to support even vegetable life without massive infusions of fertilizer/mana to pay for the soil conditioning. They come in place thousands under the

dispersal of the laws of chance rather than those of God or man, to squander their time and money on things that rest assured the odds back home—mobbing, prostitution, drinking or drugs. There are no odds on the wall; the laws of time are suspended along with those of morality.

They don't expect to get away with it; they don't expect to win. They expect to lose money but to come home with something more precious: an experience of the borderline, the twilight zone, the abyss of danger, a breath with the frontier where in which life hangs on the next card, anything can happen, and time doesn't matter.

When it comes to the showmen of Vegas, that myth of Suspending the Rules goes as far as the legendary Surreal Meetings of the early Series. Those cinematic convocations of top-line talent—Frankie, Dean, Sammy, Gene, Sherie, looking like Rat Pack members—shown in a cavernous in the Copa Room at the Sands. Nobody knew who was starring or would drop in—Dean would stagger in on Sammy and take a call from Frank at El Lay, who'd drop everything to fly over the Stratos and go to second dinner, while the action was just hot and heavy.

And of course the composition of the audience was part of the appeal: the chemistry of the Surreal myth, it made you feel like the Hollywood high rollers, the Vegas heavyweights, gamblers, and men of respect, like Sam Giancana, side by side with warring politicians like the Kennedy brothers, Rat Pack buddies like Peter Lawford, starlets, and evening party girls like Judy Exner, who knew them all. This kind of fusion of upscale, sleazy, and the top and the famous was so prophetic that some of the shows just seemed to keep on going for weeks on end and never stop, the guys onstage would really hang loose, truly

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best their souls—there were no rules. It's after now, and the crowd has already placed "fourteen drop-in" has replaced the carlines and spontaneous stunts of legend. Vegas—the place itself—has become compromised, the shadowy gangster glamour of earlier decades giving way to Hollywood. Here, however, and other clean-cut conglomerate ownership—at least along the Strip. High-priced "war policy" maintenance is on the decline, supplanted by the cheaper-to-produce splashes "revived" that run forever, things have really begun to be run by the rules, and Las Vegas is fast becoming little more than an elaborate theme-park reverb: Gambling Land.

From the very opening minutes of his act Wayne begins playing on the expectation of something special happening, the dream that tonight some magic suspension of the rules is in the offing—the ultimate un-purchasable Vegas experience. Backed by his huge five-piece brass-and-string orchestra, he'll begin with a couple of apt-tempo opening numbers—a Wayne Newton cover of Pat Boone's "Venus" and Little Anthony and the Imperials' "Out of My Head," and an eerily accurate Elton-like "Suspicious Minds."

Then, with the audience still cheering, he'll grab the mike and read them on with a little group.

"Now, you're all tonight. You keep that up and we'll keep on going—hell, another fifteen minutes."

Audience gives a little nervous laugh—then a short laugh or a chuckle—is it a controversial night in Vegas, with party bag-name headlines notorious for firing in the six-figure engagements and actually doing about a half hour of their greatest hits each night?

"Okay," Wayne says, continuing the teasing rap, "how about an hour?"

No much response. What's he getting at here?

"Hour and a half?" Cheers and scattered yells. "Two hours?"

A roar of approval. "And if you really honestly and truly want to buy the house—"

He pauses. Gets whistles and hollers of approval. These people have been doing their life savings in every casino in town.

"—you're looking at the head bagger in charge. These hours would really irritate the crap out of them."

Another roar of delight.

Then it's back to singing up a storm—a sultry-sweet melody, a soul-gospel melody, a Waylon-and-Willie-G&M melody, and, for the late show, a grossly expressive rockabilly melody

featuring an impossible cover of "Johnny B. Goode," complete with Chuck Berry duck walk, and a grossly stirring version of "Born to Lose."

Then it's time for Step Two: After playing mostly after-midnight medleys, Wayne stops the music and, using, turns to the audience, and, with barely veiled sincerity, tells them, "You know, sometimes we get an audience that's so special we just throw away all our plans, take a night turn, and keep on going."

Or he'll say, "Well, I don't often do this next song; it requires a special kind of group, a special kind of mood. So let's do it." And the lights will dim and Wayne will launch into his grand ultrasonic production number of "MacArthur Park," complete with on-screen-choked audience sen-

sation of total terror, knock his knees in mode shock, and say in a high-gloss voice that suggests a penis-struck Silver Pudd "Oh boy, Cooch boy. You know we are so far away from that—"

Whistles and cheers interrupt him. "—that's just don't matter anyone." Boas of applause from the crowd. We break the casino tonight. What a night—would they hear about this back in Toledo. At which point Wayne will switch up a fiddle or banjo or whatever instrument in his four-piece backup orchestra he's got to play, now or never, more like make for a few more minutes, and then begin the introduction of the band leader and featured players that will bring the show to its abrupt close.

Everyone leaves. The Show feeling totally satisfied, thinking how hip, how simpatico, how special the whole evening was, how they've been present at one of those rare moments when the rules were by the board, how Wayne drove himself past his own limits, knocking himself out just for them. And yet each of the twelve shows Las Vegas started and ended at the exact same time the last.

It takes a shrewd and talented showman to pull off an illusion of this sort right after night, show after show. It begins in wonder after a while whether anybody really bought into it, but even at that point they decided to buy it. They wanted to be able to go home to Arizona or New Jersey, wherever, and tell their neighbors at the mall how cool it was in Vegas they helped make some memorable showbiz magic. The empire's new set of clothes looks even more grand to those who believe they've made a bond in the betting job.

Through the Valley of Fire to a Rendezvous with the Son of Arizona and the Son of the President.

They call it the Valley of Fire, and it's a forest of blazing red-rock peaks rising like rusted skyscrapers out of the desert, rising like desert floor. Forbidding place, just to look at, but deemed if the copier plot isn't flying out over or around those jagged peaks just right into the midst of them. He's acting as if this were Nazi or something, so we've got to fly down through enemy fire to rescue the wounded. We're wearing in and out of those towering and talismanic, and beautiful as they are in the abstract, I'm certain I'm going to read up a nooking letter on the floor of the Valley of Fire in my worst now. The copier plot seems determined to prove he's no amateur at the state, that he's got the copier version of the Night Shift.

The copier plot is Wayne, of course

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"You mean this stoned?" I ask.

"Very. Very. And it might have to do with the fact that I read the first issue of this month, so most of the time they don't have to say anything that hurt me. I pick up on what they're thinking." He smiles. "Now, that's about as terrible as it gets. But I'm not insecure, okay?" He winks.

Now, that then he tells me the story of How He Sucked the Sleepy Violent, which he lets slip as a corollary to his explanation of the Meaning of Life.

Wayne is showing me a small statue on a table in his den, which gets him a philosophical mood. The statue, a caricature, depicts Wayne as tall Emmet Kelly-like clown making, the mask he posted on for a long dramatic monologue called "The Clown," which he used to do twice nightly in earlier versions of "The Show."

"I decided to do it in clown form," Wayne says, "because as Wayne Newton it would not be believable. But the statue you get on that clown white and the red nose you can be anything. The story of 'The Clown' is basically the story of how I came to do it. The performance. It's that trained animal out there that's making it go through the hoop, no matter how many troubles, how difficult it's been for him, the police should never know. But the minute you don't go on, the minute you cancel, is the beginning of the end. If you don't go on, that first of last and all the things you give it to—it's devastating, it'll destroy you."

"So you go out there feeling the audience is ready to go down on you," I ask. "The audience will pounce on you when they feel violated." Wayne says. "And when I say violated.... I had a scene on a show that night that I don't even know about yet. I find a railroad building through the closing show. What happened was, he was sitting there front row—a brilliant violinist—and I was about a quarter of the way through the show and he was sleeping. And when he raised up his eyes I looked at him and I went...." Wayne makes an astonishing gesture to his eyes to the effect of "Keep them open"—and he looked at me and he went—Wayne holds up his middle finger to his nose in an unmistakably lewd gesture.

"Now, I can't tell you how hard I had to try to contain myself," Wayne tells me. "Had I blown up at him in front of that audience there would have been a disaster on the night. I couldn't have overcome it. They wouldn't have been able to understand why I was angry. To think it would have been, here's the star picking a lone violinist, this nice little old man sitting there. So I went over to my backdoor just before I started the show. Number 1 it is. Get that guy out of the stage now. And he sat over there in the wings and I let him go when I got it."

Now it happened that I had been coming around backstage during this per-

formance show. I remember coming upon that lone violinist sitting on a metal folding chair near the stage washroom, staring blankly ahead, waiting for the cue to tell. It might be the last time he ever worked in Las Vegas. And why was it Wayne had to fire him? It wasn't his own thin skin, it was the audience that was being violated. He fired the guy for the little people out there.

We take a first stroll around the grounds of Casa De Serrano before I head back to the Strip.

We get Wayne's willards, where the yellow across the city ponds, the whole fusion of southern comfort set and the coyote-imagined wasteland of the Nevada desert. Wayne scans the contented square, the philosophical, secure in a world created in his specifications.

And in fact it may be that the world has come round to Wayne. The growing popularity of "Vegas" and, in kind of music—Berry Manlow, Ned Diamond, Kenny Rogers, the MOR/ADR crossover demographic—is interestingly what Wayne does musically. It's a little more than the main stream. The baby-boom generation that grew up with Wayne's teachings sentimental age now. Anyone who's ever felt ridiculous, anyone who's ever been ridiculed, can appreciate Wayne's getting the last laugh on these Wayne Newton pieces.

Vegas said. Don't underestimate it. Not if you want to understand Vegas, the state of Nevada, the state of mind of the millions who worship Wayne. Because if you listen to Wayne, you hear classics that point to every Vegas act—"Lady," "Feeling," "MacArthur Park," "I'll Be a Star," "The Green Apple," "On My Mind," "You know the ones"—you realize Vegas is not the laugh gagster town, not the anarchy, the seductive dissipation through the casinos. It's a sorry city, sorry city, sorry, sentimental city.

People go there for nostalgia to help them make it through the night, to cry a tear for the good times they've lost. You can see it if you see the drenched Showmen during Wayne's act, the youngish middle-aged couples leaning together, smiling through the tears, dreamily seeing into the sea of sentiment washing over them, knowing they'll never have that night again.

Wayne has this occult. And he'll survive the Gaudin the Bull associations. They say even from out to the good-for-the-humans the sympathy, the love-out-of-the-gangster planet that he worked so well for himself, never has been gone the good-guy Senator Donny Diamond route. As Wayne walked me to my rental car, I looked back at the main street in the evening, the perfect picture of security and security. Get that guy out of the stage now. And he sat over there in the wings and I let him go when I got it."

But you would. **O**



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My Father's Life

It's too late to catch up with the father who slipped out the back door and hurried through dark streets on a Saturday night to see a famous stripper

THE ONLY

thing I've been left that was his is a foot-long chisel, which I now keep on a shelf of honor in my workshop. Written with a certain flourish in orange chalk on the oak shelf is his inscription:

LEAVE BY ME, L. RICHLER
RICHLER ARTISTS, SEVEN WORKS
1982

ON LA RICHLER STREET
NO SUCCESS

My father was twenty years old then, the eldest of fourteen children. Surely that year, an every year of his life, on Passover he sat in his finery at a dining room table and recited, "We were once the slaves of Pharaoh in Egypt, but the Lord our God brought us forth from there with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm." But come 1982, not so the reach of his father's living camp back yard on La Richler, yet to absorb the news of his liberation, my father was still trying to make friends with motherhood's snow.

My father, my father—
motherhood's snow, no success, was

the story of his life. Neither of his marriages really worked. There were teasing quarrels with my older brother. As a boy, I made life difficult for him. I had no respect. Later, obvious strangers would rebuke him in the synagogue for the novels I had written. "Slipping currency on the Jews," they said. If there was such a thing as a reverse Midas touch, he had it. Not one of my father's sunline penny ante stocks ever went into orbit. He never smelt was a raffle. As a youngster, more extrajudicial brothers and cousins began to prosper he assured me, "The bigger they come, the harder they fall."

After his marriage to my mother blew apart, he lived alone in a rented room. It was then I discovered that he had a bottle of gin concealed in the glove compartment of his battered Chevy. My father, Gen. "What's that for?" I asked, astonished.

"For the dinner," he replied, wiggling his eyebrows at me.

I remember him ask short men with a

stony bald head. Seated at the kitchen table at night in his father's long winter underwear, wearing his finger before turning a page of the New York Daily Mirror, reading Walter Winchell first. Winchell, who knew what's what. He also devoured Popular Mechanics, Life, Science, and Black Mask. His penials did not enchant my mother. A rental ink spot on her nose chills her forehead. A felt mouse to surprise her in the garden. Neither did her genius appeal to him. "Hey, do you know why we eat hard-boiled eggs dipped in salt water just before the Passover meal?"

"No, Daddy. Why?"

"To remind us that when the Jews crossed the Red Sea they certainly got their balls soaked."

He was smart; he was fleshy. But in his wedding photographs the man who was to become my father is as skinny as I once was, his steroidal brown eyes unsmiling behind horn-rimmed glasses.

My father never saw them. Dead Jews. Or skipped work to make love in



PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP LOU B. HENRI

IF THERE WAS SUCH A THING AS A REVERSE MIDAS TOUCH, he had it. His legacy to his son was a chisel inscribed **NO SUCCESS**.

Vanishing Breed

The West,
whatever that is,
is still there, believe
it or not, in its
entirety.

Introduction by Tom McGuane

It is the fading chimera of our geography. The dead westbirds lost behind the high wire of a missile range, the score-up old cowboy at the unemployment office, the minutiae that plunges through the honeysticks all being aches to an American race memory.

The demolition of the agrarian South by the industrial North in the Civil War was a precursor with similar power to generate ghosts and to heart with a mythology of disappointment.

The West vanished for the Indian and the drover; it vanished for the cowboy. Simultaneously it reappeared in all the same places, and in movies and videos. It's like five. Hollywood, the call objects that replaced the ropes, and deprecation schoolbooks can't kill it.

Images bombard us like faces on the windshield: the camera's power lies in specifics. The West is embedded in a mass of contradictory pictures. In William Allard's photographs we feel the power of search, like children rummaging.

ing through their grandparents' abandoned homes. It's not so much the trunks and old newspapers as it is the suspicion that the old people may still be alive, that what is lost is the connection. Exactly so are Americans lost with their own rootless drifting inside the boundaries of a continent.

We arrive in these pictures not generations—where would Allard put the deluded youths who struggle with his swirling vagueness?—but a true and moving quest to build a bridge that goes in two directions. For reasons of his own, the photographer seems trapped in a hard landscape as it comes. His eye moves from those born to the West, to those who have learned it from scratch, to those who are on the rim, catching not only the sense of the land itself but the place as it is felt by those who live in it—a kind of borderless outpost.

Allard's photographs leave no footprints. Those subjects conscious of the process gaze at the camera as at an indifferent object in a dimensional world. The viewer receives the same acceptance accorded a rock, a dead wash, a bar closed for repairs.

Conrad spoke of a shadow-line, that fast demarcation between a world that is vanishing and another that is uselessly taking its place. In Allard's photographs we are moved by the feeling that no matter how thoroughly the vertical society of a nearly open range is expelled, the world-to-come in that tremendous landscape will be shaped forever as memories, in legend, and in that transcendental belief that one has been preceded by one as when the sense of glory was not entirely diminished.

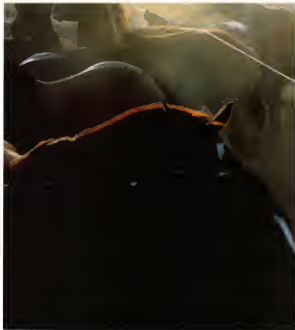
This is an excerpt from
"Vanishing Breed," which
will be published in New
York: Littleton, January
1990, in September.

MANY YEARS AGO LONG BEFORE THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, MEXICAN VAQUEROS PERFECTED THE ART OF ROPING HORSES AND CATTLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD





HE CAST THE ROPE, HIS WRIST TURNING DOWNWARD AT THE MOMENT OF RELEASE, LIKE A PITCHER THROWING AN OVERHAND CURVE.



A COUPLE BUCKAROS UNWIND OVER DRINKS IN THE LOCAL POOL HALL AFTER A DAY OF RIDING THE HIGH DESERTS OF NEVADA.

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Richard Michael Cerna
Engineer



Chevrolet
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GMC Truck

The Match Maker

BY James Kaplan

Coaching both the reigning players and their usurpers, Harry Hopman has always been on the other side of the net, making tennis happen

HARRY HOPMAN is hitting tennis balls at me—or rather, not at me but over the wall around me, just out of reach. My instructor wants me to firm, suppress a smile. I am leaping, diving, falling, yet I can barely get a piece of the ball. Hopman, meanwhile, keeps up a kind of oblique: "Come on, move! Watch the ball when you hit it! You're too close or! Get ready! Here's one to your back-hand!" Over here, too, I dive and swirl in the ball goes by. And no sooner have I fully extended myself into the alley than another ball is on the way, this one a lob. Get back into the court, my mind says to my legs. My legs do their best, but they are beginning to lose sensation. I backpedal weakly and stare dazedly up as the ball swings against the sky. I know I am not going to make it. I don't. I slush at the ball, keeping my head down at the last, worse possible moment, and smite it off the top of my racket. The ball goes over the fence. "No, no, no!" says Hopman.

James Kaplan's fiction has appeared in *Esquire*. He is writing a novel, to be published by Knopf.

It is a cold day at Harry Hopman's International Tennis camp in Bradenton, Florida. The wind is blowing hard and steadily, but the wind is the least of my worries. Ten minutes ago, a fellow pupil named Shabazz and I were minding our own business, running through a basic-line drill with our instructor. Well, when suddenly Mr. Hopman pulled up in his command car—a white golf cart—and everyone more or less snapped to attention. Golf carts don't make much noise, but all ears around here are fine-tuned to the high-pitched electric whine of Mr. Hopman's. The sound seems to have some of the enraging qualities of the ticking clock in the stomach of the crocodile in *Peter Pan*. Our drill stopped at once, and both Neil



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROG

and the instructor on the next court instantly gravitated to the car. The mid-thirties Hopman pointed to Shibu. "Get him wrong," he told the instructor from the next court.

The instructor smiled. "Right," he said.

Hopman wasn't smiling. He was staring at Shibu, who was hanging his head and pointing awkwardly at Shibu. Shibu, a lean Japanese teenager whose English vocabulary consists almost exclusively of tennis terms, is a gifted player but is spoiled and sulky. Hopman glared at him. "Come on," Hopman said. "Move." Shibu moved.

EVERY LEGEND TENDS TO CONTRAST, then expand, at first sight. (Come, then contract again.) The shrinking has to do with the inevitable diminution of age and with the limits of any man's physical presence, his here-and-now. Then the expansion occurs—a rich, slow process whose full extent depends upon our knowledge of the legend's history. Harry Hopman's history is in many ways the history of tennis. He played his first tournament basketball as a dirt court in Sydney in 1929, became the second-ranked player in Australia, and went on past his own playing career to create, almost single-handedly, the greatest, and only, dynasty the game has known (and may ever know)—the Australian Davis Cup teams that he coached and that triumphed unsuccessfully from 1938 to 1960. In this period, Hopman was responsible, again almost single-handedly, for the education of Frank Stenger, Neale Fraser, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Roy Emerson, Rod Laver, Fred Stolle, Tony Roche, and John Newcombe, to name a few. In 1970, at an age when many men retire, he came to America to work, and he coached such rising juniors as John McEnroe, Vitas Gerulaitis, and Peter Fleming. In 1976, at seventy, he landed his coaching. His only downer in his twenty pit stop for the men's best players is a courtroom to be so. Almost anybody in tennis whose game needs adjustment, slight or major, then the top players right as dawn to you and me, goes, if possible, straight to Hopman. And even if he has been great, from the 1920s into the 1990s, he has been there, the game's/game's mover.

I see on the left, the boy who has replaced Shibu, a lanky Belgian named Frederic, is on the right. The balls Mr. Hopman is hitting sit up and over our heads and keep into our allies, are controllable and keep and drive, and return only a few. Hopman has the uncanny ability to deliver a tennis ball with maximum telegraphing to any given spot on the court, at any speed, and with any sort of spin. He just stands there and, with deadly little flicks of the wrist, laughs them out at us. They come in so predictable patterns—low in a row to Frederic, two to me, one to Frederic, three to me—and they come fast. Often, when Hopman has driven Frederic wide, he lets the next one straight down the middle, between us. This is my way of pointing out to me that when my partner moves to the right, I had bloody well better move to the right, too. I am thoroughly winded, and I feel silly. I had thought I knew something about playing it! Worse, now Frederic is beginning to catch on. He's preparing celer, blemishing some of the out-of-bounds, swooping out some of the passing shots. He is confident and built like a golden whippet. I am thirty, and my legs feel like Silly Putty. What I seem to have forgotten, and what Mr. Hopman is trying to do his own way to remind me, is that tennis is a game in which the feet must usually never stop moving. Stand still, and you're dead.

"Come on, come on," Hopman is saying, rather loudly. "No, no, no!" Now I'm not only out of position but the line ball I'm

Hopman wasn't smiling. He was staring at Shibu, who was pouting. "Come on," Hopman said. "Move." Shibu moved.

vauling overhead. Who's the last time I shifted an overhead? I'm trying to think what I'm doing wrong, but I'm too tired to think. Then it occurs to me: my main brain—the ball. (Watch—the ball. With your head up. Now a ball is swooping over my head to my backhand—the side sphere is green-green, divided in half by a very narrow ridge; it is a miniature earth orbiting in the perfect blue sky. I jump and bring my right back over my left shoulder. Oh, God, I think as I go up, a backhand overhead. A shot not in my repertoire. The first planes in falling ball. I swing through, in anger and desperation. And end it. And it. For a startled instant I keep looking at where the ball was, then glance over past in time to see Nick's intense face as the ball sails perfectly into his ally and bounds far out of reach.

"Nice shot," Mr. Hopman says calmly, as if he had expected it all along.

I smile—then two balls, in rapid succession, pass me down the alley.

THERE ARE FORTY-TWO TENNIS courts in Harry Hopman's domain, and he guards them more or less consistently, every day of the year, driving his cart up and down and across a network of concrete pathways on the courts' perimeters. This afternoon, I am riding along. Shibu, as they say. Sitting in the passenger seat, one is, in a strange way, excluded in the power bubble, part of the house, being toward Mr. Hopman from every court session, however absurdly, to be directed at me. Hopman drives along at top speed, watching, watching, watching, and slowing down from time to time. The pathways are now low and the corners sharp. I hold on tight.

Two yards ago, after nearly a lifetime of arthritis, Hopman had double hip surgery, and only recently has his doctor allowed him to get back on a tennis court. There is something important about the way he handles the golf cart, and the faster he goes, the faster he'll be back in action. "I can do everything I feel before," Hopman tells me. "More. What I can't do is to do just what a player's computer says." He says this with a grin, and I am again we're both in on this nice off-court soft but emphatic he surely meant it. The soccer effect, therefore, becomes of the more startling. The soccer is Australian, that strange grafting of cocky and oddie (die American) vowels' words. It is a delusional account, not made for equivocation or complaint. "I was getting to the stage where I couldn't walk with a basketball," he says quietly. "I'm not just talking about pain. You can learn to live with that, but no athlete would simply not let me walk any further."

We've stopped for a moment to watch



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one of the courts. The instructor waves, the pupils, two pretty girls, brown and blonde. "That girl on the left is very good," Mr. Hopman says. "What about the one on the right?" I ask. She has just executed a perfect drop shot. "Not as good as she thinks she is," he says, and then we are on our way again. fast.

How you can learn to be a coach. That sticks in my head. Not a particularly American attitude, that. First, for most of us, it is a kind of illusion that sends us strutting to the medicine chest. I think of some of the masters of statistics in the Australian sciences we've been bewildered with lately, the fastest overland tractor in Galapagos, the crackled Joe Harrison in *A From Lake Aler* along his Japanese cornfields for a chicken and a little of beer. Surely there's more to it than higher thresholds. But what?

"Should you play if you're injured?" I wonder aloud.

Hopman has slowed down, he's squinting through the green wind-screen on the fence along the courts, looking for something or someone. "It's a minor injury, yes," he says. "Yes, yes. Fracture, hard, and it's probably wear off. Whatever I had a headache, I used to just go out for a run. That'd usually get rid of it." The cast stays. He turns to me and smiles. "Here's Mike," he says. "Why don't you watch him a bit."

I turn and look. Gentle, wearing a T-shirt that says *VRAC*, is standing at net with another player, an instructor in a beige shirt. The ball, almost perfectly placed on a somewhat higher level, is the same one I was doing this morning.

On my table tennis break from instruction, on the way into the clubhouse, I walk behind a small boy and his mother. The minor program is very important: he is also very important. Parents are not encouraged to accompany their children, but a few always insist. The boy carries two Yonex rackets and wears a bicycle cap marked *ASTOR*. He is comparing to his mother that he lost her. "Well, you'd better get used to it," his mother says. "She's like you, in Astoria." "You'd better get used to playing like that every day, not just lose a year. If you want to be a good player."

A little momentary after that: the top of the last two fingers of my racket hand have split open and bleed. I have scratched them with my fingernails. Problem: Does this look tough? Or the opposite? The question does come to mind here.

IT IS THE SECOND MORNING. THE COURT has been on. The wind is down, though—the police aren't whipping the way they were yesterday. The sky just overhead is a cloudy Florida blue, but there is a slowly growing stain in the west. The instructor

"You can teach anyone to be a good instructor," Hopman says. "You can't teach him to be a good person."



look at it and grumble. It is right, thirty, and the thirty-two year man who teach tennis for Harry Hopman up standing in a row by the ball shed, shifting their feet, rubbing their hands, trying to stay warm. They are waiting the Distribution of the Balls—a daily event, part answer of the troops, part shape-up. Each instructor will receive a shopping basket loaded with 144 tennis balls—no more, no less. Mr. Hopman doesn't like loose tennis balls. It is not unusual for him to stop his cart and have an instructor in the middle of a drill fetch a ball that has gone over the fence. Mr. Hopman runs a tight ship. The instructors don't complain. There are, to judge by the stack of applications on Hopman's desk, quite a few tennis teachers out in the world who would love to take their place.

The typical instructor here is a solid young man with an easy smile and a quiet air of authority. Some are tournament caliber players; some are merely excellent teachers, though Hopman's definition of excellence involves much more than getting the point across. "You can teach any one to be a good instructor," he says. "But not to be a good person." It has the will of an instructor about it, it is composed up images of the nineteenth-century Noble Sportsman and Instructor. Christianity, it is, nevertheless, a doctrine that Hopman believes in deeply. But apples are sorted out quickly. One of Hopman's most notorious bad apples, long in the dynasty days, was a talented doubles

player named Bob Hewitt. Hewitt had great court sense, he also had a mean disposition and a fast tongue. Ladies-people were his special target. Tennis in years ago such conduct was rare, and for those under Hopman's tutelage it was also forbidden. Hewitt got his warning papers. He went to South Africa, where he married, a wife half world away from Harry Hopman. (One thinks inevitably of John McEnroe. One can only assume that the behavior on which had his first marriage began after he left Mr. Hopman's supervision.)

Sometimes his opponent the ball shed. The instructors push out the squeaking shopping baskets, grumbling. It's too early, it's too cold. They wear fancy warm-ups, hooded sweat-shirts, sweaters, and hooded caps. Apparently the tradition can prove to be to pull your socks over the legs of your warm-up pants. This is done partly, I'm convinced, so that the brand name of the socks can be seen. Logos, of course, are of paramount importance at all levels of the tennis world. Filis, Elkona, Tacchini, Nike, Adidas, Decolux—they are the modern equivalent of laughter balloons. The instructors also favor Ray-Ban aviator shades—the fence hand, with red, white and blue laminated frames and mirrored lenses. Thus embellished, the thirty-two push their squeaking baskets and return. Then comes the private clinics, where. The white pall court. Their morning session.

"THERE WAS THIS FELLOW, FORTY," Mr. Hopman says. He is looking directly at me, his elbow on the table and his forefinger resting lightly on his fingers, like a chess player. He has a strong, square, and high-chiseled face. A no-nonsense face.

"Victor wrote me from Connecticut," he continues, "and wanted to know if I thought he had any chance of making it on the tour." He shakes his head. "Well, he told me this and that about his game, but how can I know anything unless I see him play? I wrote him back and told him as much. Then one day he shows up. And he was terrible. No, not terrible, exactly. He did have a nice forehand." Hopman smiles ruefully. "But I saw right away that he would need at least five to ten years of hard, hard work to be any good at all. Any good. And I told him. 'Oh, yes,' he says. 'You gave me. You'll have about me.'" Hopman shakes his head and laughs. I laugh too—hilariously. A nice Jewland. Who am I, who is any of us, but Victor?

"THE FURTHER BACK TO THE PAST," Mr. Hopman says, "the more difficult it is to be a good person, but Hopman conditioned them to go further, to play when they hurt," wrote Arthur Ashe in his tennis diary, *Foreword to Ashe*. "I tried to be an Ascar might be, he

Colonial vests emphatically punctuate wardrobes this fall. Merino-wool sweater vest with woven chest pattern (\$87.95). A knee-length shirt (\$75) adds edgy contrast. Belt by Calvin Klein: Vest at J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Sanger Harris, Dallas. Black watch (\$275) by Tiffany & Company.

INVESTMENTS



STYLING: JANE FARRIS



by Vincent Boucher

Revisit the vest's roots, seen here in a version that echoes fine English traditionals: Pure-wool Donegal-tweed three-piece suit with a double-breasted vest (\$295), finely striped cotton shirt (\$70), and silk-and-wool-charliné tie (\$25). All by Ralph Lauren for Polo At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Rickard's of Greenwich, Connecticut.

Outdoors, the vest is rugged and functional. Snap-front darning vest with patch pockets (\$285), accompanied by Shetland-wool Fair Isle sweater (\$55) and corduroy trousers (\$40) and shirt (\$28). All by Robert Stock. View at Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Macy's, New York; Dromedians, Philadelphia; Palais Royal, Houston.



Wearing a vest provides an extra dimension of warmth and luxury. A vest of silky plough leather is paired with a rough-textured embossed lambskin blouseon (both for \$2,200) by Claude Moncler. Al Freney's, Brooklyn; Wilkes Barreford, San Francisco; Charman, New York; Thorson, Beverly Hills. Alpaca scarf (\$50) by Susan Horton.

THE FLOOD

AFTER THE DEVASTATION
THERE WAS ONE
GOD AND ONE MAN AND
AN UNCHARTED WORLD

by Bernard Malamud

This is that story:

The heaving high seas were laden with scum
The dull sky glowed red
Dust and ashes drifted in the wind circling the earth
The burdened seas slanted this way and that, flooding
the scorched land under a daylight moon
A black city rain rained
No one was there

AT THE END, AFTER THE THIRTY-
fourth year between the
Dunk and Drablands, in con-
sequence of which they had de-
stroyed themselves and, mutually, all other
inhabitants of the earth, God spoke
through a glowing crucifix in a hollow black
cloud to Ushua Cohen, the paleontologist, who
of all men had miraculously survived in a
latter-day oceanographic vessel with tanks
in the swiftness of which this way and that
heaving this.

"Don't presume on Me a viable face,
Mr. Cohen, I am not that kind, but if you
can, arrange Me. I argue to say it was
through a monstrous error that you es-
caped destruction. Though Me, it was
not a serious one: a serious mistake might
have perished the universe. The cosmos is
so concerned that if Myself don't know
what goes on everywhere. It is not perfect,
although I, of course, am perfect.
That's how I arranged My race."

"And that you, Mr. Cohen, happen to
know what an one the does, though em-
barassing to Me, has nothing to do with
your having once studied for the paleontologist,
or, for that matter, having given it up."

"That was your concern, but I don't

want you to conceive any false expecta-
tions inevitably. My purpose is to rectify
the error I conceived."

"I have no wish to increase you, only
once more affirm cause and effect. It is as
more than a system within a system, yet I
depend on it to maintain a certain neces-
sary order. Man, after living to use to a
sufficient purpose his possibilities and his
goodwill, has destroyed himself. There-
fore, in truth, to have you."

Cohen, shivering in his dripping rubber
diving suit, complained bitterly:

"After four last Holocaust You prom-
ised no further Floods. 'Never again shall
there be a Flood to destroy the earth.'
That was Your Covenant with Noah and all
living creatures. Instead, You turned the
water on again. Everyone who wasn't con-
sumed to fire is drowned in bitter water,
and a Second Flood covers the earth."

God said then: "All that was pre-Torah
There was no such thing as Holocaust,
only cause and effect, but after I had cre-
ated man I did not know how he would fail.
Me next, in what manner of violence, cor-
ruption, blasphemy, beastliness, and
beyond belief. Thus he defied himself. I
had not foreseen the extent of it."



BERNARD MALAMUD (left) in *VENICE*. He has won two National Book Awards for fiction, for *The Magic Barrel* (a collection of stories) in 1959 and for *The Flood* in 1967. His most recent novel is *Dublin's Love*.

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trained by a pain boat and two green-coated bamboo shoots.
And Cohn spied four dead rainbow fish. He assumed they were alive until he shook out the bottom of a paper bag of larval crayfish on the glass water. The fish did not flicker. The air was heavily humid. Cohn focused his binoculars into the busy distance and saw moving fog. No birds present, not an albatross or pelican or any other smelter.

He inspected their yellow rubber raft and gathered supplies and objects of craft and set to take where, grunting they arrived at a shore. He collected several precious books and the water, transferred into tea-gallon jugs. Cohn had handicapped, from cotton to mesh, gear of clothing for his suitcases and the provisions he could carry. Also a portable window photograph with a dozen uncracked records, seventy-eight, long ago the property of his father the sailor, who had once been a cauter. Plus the pieces of timber and a half-dozen chest with ginkgo and ash. And he took with him a small all-white one containing his pregnant wife's ashes. She had been cremated before the Universal Cemetery, had seemed always to know what was coming.

That night, while his and Cohn were asleep in their upper and lower beds, the vessel shuddered, splintered, and cracked stuporously as it went grayly through the chop. The tramp was pitched out of his berth and began to float in the dark. But Cohn got a candle lit and calmed him, saying they would no longer be at the mercy of a lumbering ship.

At dawn his old dog rose as Cohn climbed down the blackberry ladder, sleeping on the blackened surface of a cement on whose algae-covered mass the Rattler Q. jaggedly broken in two, was pulled up tight. Across a narrow channel lay a strip of coastal land, possibly an island.

Now stepped into the water and, to Cohn's great surprise, began swimming across the channel to the reddest thick-walled shore. A charge paddling on his back? A genius thing. Cohn reflected.

They'd like brothers, older-father and son.

Arriving ashore, the dripping ape clambered his come nose at Cohn and, snarling forward, plunged into the steaming rain forest without so much as a backward glance.

Hours later, having brought in the yellow milk-bags with supplies to the green shore and hidden them in the saw-toothed tall grass, an exhausted Cohn followed that into the forest. He figured God had, at long length, permitted him to go on living; at least. He wouldn't have let Cohn leave the wrecked vessel and make for shore.

The Lord, hermit-like, had moved from His Judgment to His Mercy seat. Cohn would wait. Today must be Tom Kipper. **G**

OUTDOORS

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

POWER STRUGGLE ON THE PENOBSCOT

Local fishermen are taking on developers who want to use their river to produce hydroelectric power

THEIR CLUBHOUSE sits squarely on the site of the old town dump, and several tons of dirt cannot quite cover the occasional rising fence of a discarded washing machine or fifty-five-gallon drum. The members of the Yeast Salmon Club don't mind one bit. They are happy to have a club if at all, and this one is just fine with them. It is built of skinned-pine poles, and a tan vinyl-covered front deck that looks out over the Penobscot River, upstream from Bangor, Maine. The river, once dead, is now something else again. "A goddamned miracle is what it is," one member says in the half-deafened way common of Maine speak even when giving directions or talking about the weather.

If the clubhouse occupies an unlikely spot, its members are even more unlikely. Atlantic salmon fishermen. They are cobblers, furnace repairmen, small contractors, schoolteachers—workaholics who ten years ago would have been unlikely to take up salmon fishing as a hobby. The Concord to Pens for lunch at Cohn's. Virtually all good salmon fishing is done on private water—in Canada, for example, or Iceland—and the current rule of thumb is that if you want to go, you should plan on staying a month to get one week's good fishing and you should be ready to pay two thousand dollars a week. Against that background, it would be hard to call the Yeast Salmon Club (est. 1970) on the Penobscot River at Maine "recreational."

But it would be hard also not to be moved by the story of this club. "We got together in 1971, right at us," says Geoffrey Hickey, a massive worker who was one of the founders of the club. "We raised two hundred dollars by charging ourselves twenty-five dollars each it does. And then we started taking to the town about a lease on the dump."

The club wanted that location because it sits above an excellent stretch of brook trout. They got their lease and, as every-



body grew, began donating time and labor to filling in the site and building the lodge. One member blacktopped the road to the club and the path down to the river. Another donated the kitchen appliances. Another gave a television. A stonecrafter built the chimney for the wood-burning stove. The finished lodge is a comfortable place for members to store their rods and waders during the season, to change clothes, drink coffee, and play cribbage. It is an almost constant use during the season, which lasts from May to October, and during the winter it is occasionally open for fly-tying clinics. Late in the spring, as the season nears, the members strike to sit around and look at the river and, you suspect, to prove themselves for what is about to happen. These are hard-core salmon fishermen, but they love their sport with the same intensity you see among anglers who have been at it for fifty years. Which is why they are so hot on the subject of the dam.

BEFORE THERE could be any opposition to the proposed dam there had to be fishing in the water below the old dump, and before there could be fishing there had to be salmon. By the early Sixties, a long and steady decline in the quality of the Penobscot River's water had called the attention of scientists. The Penobscot was barren and filth. If you walked its banks your eyes would turn red and sore, as if you'd been exposed to arsenic.

Cleaning up the river and bringing back the salmon took time and money. Both were accomplished under the wing of federal and state legislation aimed at restoring the environment in its natural state, a policy very much in vogue in the twilight years of the Sixties. The cleanup cost local and federal governments and industries along the river over \$100 million. The battery and retooling programs cost \$20 million.

The program worked, and in the early Seventies salmon began coming back up the Penobscot to Bangor, where they were stopped by a hundred-year-old embankment that had generated electricity in 1971. The fish swept up leaders at the dam and were put into holding pens. They were trucked to hatcheries, where they were raised and their eggs artificially fertilized, and then brought upstream past several other dams and then released to spawn naturally.

The news in the early Seventies, then, was good for the fish and fair for the fishermen. There were salmon in the river, but there was only about a half mile of water below the dam where it was possible to wade and cast for them. On the opposite shore was the site of the Penobscot Salmon Club, which could indeed be called "recreational." Nine American Presidents have been presented with the first fish of the season caught in club waters. But by the late Sixties, when the fish no longer came upriver, the clubhouse had deterio-

A NEW DAM IS COMPELLING NOT SO MUCH FOR REASONS OF ENERGY SAVINGS AS FOR SURE MONEY AND SNEER TRENDINESS. THERE IS AN IRRESISTIBLE COMPULSION TO DO THAT WHICH IS DOABLE.

eried badly and looked something like the neglected old barns you see all over New England. When the fish resurfaced, the members rebuked the clubhouse and started fishing again. They had the best water of the river—the only water.

Then, in 1876, the breach appeared and everything changed. That was the third great event in the restoration of the Penobscot. Around 1840, the breach is spoken of in letters solely reserved for sacred places.

The members of the Penobscot Salmon Club sat staid on their porch and look at the breach. It is a gap in the dam where the logs gone years ago had the low-water regime—a completely predictable occurrence that has had several consequences. The most important is that it quadrupled the fishing area on the Penobscot River. The area down the path from the Vaseau dam, which had been in the lower reaches of the river, was suddenly an easy place to go because the water was down and the fish could get there through the breach. The four and a half miles between the dam in Bangor and the one at Vaseau has become, in the words of an excited fisherman, "an open park. You'll see whole families come out at night, not to fish but to watch the fishermen and the migration. People are proud of this thing. All along the river you hear people who used to call it the river talking about 'our river'."

But while the salmon were returning to the Penobscot and the breach was opening in the Bangor dam, something else was happening. Low head hydro, one of those ideas that come up every now and then and look almost too good to be true (like the interstate highway system), had arrived.

According to current thinking, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of low head dams in New England, many a danger, that could be rebuilt and looked up to transform efficient generating equipment. Enthusiasts claim that the potential is vast—more by some accounts, so massive that even small-scale hydroelectricity could meet the need for power generated by fossil and nuclear fuels.

This might have been a lot of pie in the sky, except that legislation existed that guaranteed the purchase of power generated by low head of electricity projects. The statute was combined with a 21 percent tax credit for investors (the standard 10 percent for capital expenditures and an additional 11 as a sweetener for those who go into alternative power). All of a sudden, low-head hydro looked good to the kind of people who can take these things hap-

pen. All you needed was a site, a license, and investors.

Enter Swift River Company. The company's vice president and spokesman is Christian Herter, himself a fisherman. His father, whose grandfather was governor of Massachusetts and Secretary of State under Eisenhower, Herter's company plan to build a new dam on the old Bangor site. "Philosophically, I wouldn't be in this business if I didn't think it made economic and environmental sense," he says. He chooses his words with obvious care and is plainly sincere. "I'm a salmon fisherman, and I've said again and again that I wouldn't be in this if I thought it would eventually destroy the fishing or the fish migration."

Herter would like the fishermen around Bangor to take him at his word. They don't, though they probably would have a generation ago. He is clearly not a gladiator. He was executive director of the Maine Natural Resources Council when it led the fight against the Dickey-Lewis dam, one of those huge, obscure Army Corps of Engineers projects that was locally disfavored. He is on the board of directors of the state Audubon Society. He is a member of both the National Park Service and the fish and wildlife division of the Interior Department.

Herter does not want to rebuild the old dam and completely shut off the flow. His most intriguing proposal is to build a fish pass dam at artificial breach that would have the same effect as the breach in the old dam. This is the most dramatic of many engineering proposals that are in the plans today to preserve the fishing. According to Herter's proposal, the dam would simply not be in the business of generating power while the fish were moving and the fishermen caring. That would be remarkable, but the fishermen aren't having any of it.

They have many objections. They don't believe that when the crutch comes the dam is going to be allowed to sit there idle so the fish can pass through its gates. In addition, they claim that the dam would harm the river and the salmon in other ways. It would cause water temperatures, they say, and cause silt. And, as a lot of legitimate bemoaning not worthy of them or their cause, they claim that the city does not have the right to lease the electric power the original dam, around four years before the creation of the light bulb, does not specifically mention the generation of electricity.

On much firmer ground, the fishermen argue that the dam simply won't produce enough electricity to justify the risks. Bangor Hydro, a large regulated utility,

has indicated that it would not use the site even if it could be gotten for nothing; the return on 10 to 75 million kilowatt hours would not be worth the cost of building the dam. Without incentives and guaranteed purchase of power, there would not be much interest in a new dam. It is compelling not so much for reasons of energy savings as for sure money and sneer trendiness. There is an universal and irresistible compulsion to do that which is doable—especially in places like Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Princeton, New Jersey, where low-head hydro is more highly regarded than it is in Bangor, Maine.

The members of the Penobscot Club, along with the Friends of the Penobscot River, lobbied against a bill in the Maine legislature that was backed by the city of Bangor and Swift River Company and that would have clarified the city's right to grant Swift River a lease. It never reached the floor. They lobbied for a referendum on the building of any dams or improvements on the tail sections of the Penobscot without legislative approval. It passed. That was a victory of sorts, but the fight isn't over. Herter and Swift River are moving ahead with their plans and feasibility studies. Herter can apply for a license to the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, and if the license is granted and negotiations are not broken, a declaration of construction could follow, despite state regulations and laws.

There you have two of the sad aspects of this and almost any other environmental fight. Sometimes you win, but you can never rest. And equally, never seem to count for much. The fishermen in Vaseau know what they have, and they know what can happen. Think back to when there was a baseball team playing at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn. People loved that team, yet it was moved to the West Coast, and the damage to the morale of a city was incalculable. The opponents of Herter's plan could be wrong about it, but they know enough to realize that nothing is certain, no matter how many studies you conduct and how confident the experts are. They know enough to recognize a transition when they are one and know better than to fool around with a good thing. But fish, like baseball fanatics, are trivial in the great world of dollars, and if the fight back to the fishermen will probably lose. And that's a shame, because, although the ultimate result of losing something as deeply loved as Bangor's salmon or Brooklyn's Dodgers is nothing more than melancholy, the boys at the Vaseau Salmon Club deserve to win.

GEORGE F. FORDMAN is a contributing editor of *Environ. Sci. & Tech.*

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BOOKS

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

A BOLD AND FEARLESS EYE

Through illness and misfortune, Katherine Mansfield's keen vision survived

KATHERINE MANSFIELD, one of the great talents of this century, was dogged throughout her tragically brief life by bouts of suffering, envy and disgust. After attending a dinner party at which Mansfield was present, Virginia Woolf confided in her diary on October 11, 1917: "We could both wish that our first impression of K. M. was not that she strikes like a—well, cricket bat that had taken to street walking." And in a letter to her husband, John Middleton Murry, dated February 9, 1916, Woolf wrote: "I reported 'T.D. H.' Lawrence sent me a letter today. He said in my face and those bits at me and said 'I loathe you. You revolt me, slandering in your cyphers.'" Born in New Zealand in 1888, Katherine Mansfield Reschke was an afflicted daughter of a girl with a severe, dark illness and a debilitating complex. Her behavior reflected her—her isolation, her attachment to her mother, her rejection of those with writers and writers—and

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY WATSON



books in which the language looms with urgent, futile persistence. Her a bad against a windpipe. Although the poetic, quickened pulse, the melancholy of Mansfield's fiction has often been compared with Virginia Woolf's later flights of reverie, the two writers really don't and on the same accounts. As a writer, Virginia Woolf had greater empathy than Katherine Mansfield—her sense of irony was more secure—but she also tended to overstate her feelings, to wear her sensations into the words as Beaudelaire to a "quivering, shivering, even lameness" used to depict the lives of her characters in rich, velvety folds. The lives of Mansfield's characters are more direct and real, more exposed to the chill. In the story "Patriarch," a street woman with "great looks of greenish-blue veins" on her face leads a meager life in a London flat that is full of dust and lice powder. About to be checked out for her landlady for not paying her rent, the old girl makes the

edition rounds trying to secure work as a cannibal, and in a few lines, brick strikes Mansfield captures the tattered-up desperation of those on the direct edge of life. When a mother's story ends with the words "The wind—the wind," the book is filled with sudden gusts of anger and regret, ground swells of unfulfilled emotion. The tale story is about a woman leaving along on a trans-pole of bliss, so happy she seems ready to board out of her room. But happiness is in the wind, rattling the leaves and then disappearing, and the story ends with Mansfield's disturbed heroine crying "Oh, what a good it happens now!" in the indifferent night. *Bliss and Other Stories* is a succession of lives hovering in anxious suspension.

While Katherine Mansfield's stories have had an enduring appeal for readers and critics (*The German Poetess* and *The Gordon Party* are also available in Penguin paperback), it's her swift, temperamental life that has caused the most and perhaps the most serious of misunderstandings about Mansfield's life and work, starting Virginia Redgrave, who broadcast in 1972, and in 1980 two biographies of Mansfield were published in the States—one by Elizabeth Janeway, and another by Richard B. Sewall. But for the truest glimpse into the troubling confusion of Mansfield's soul, the best people remain her *Letters and Journals* (Penguin paperback, \$5.95), edited by G. K. Stead. Given Mansfield's astonishing gift for self-analysis, it comes as little surprise that she writes with such moving responsiveness about her tuberculosis. After a conversation with her favorite doctor, she writes:

I had a sense of the lower levels of the enormous lens within, and the egoism passed because in my cycle of being in a sense could abstract me into a great work of art. No, that's not what I mean. It made me feel how perfect the world is with its women and books and men...

**THE LIVES OF MANSFIELD'S CHARACTERS ARE THREADED AND REPT,
EXPOSED TO THE CHILL. IN A FEW FINE, BRISK STROKES SHE CAPTURES THE
DARTED-UP DESPERATION OF THOSE ON THE DERELICT EDGE OF BOHEMIA.**

Later, in a more playful mood, Mansfield writes to Virginia Woolf: "But she strikes she could be a cynic because 'it is the only creature who does not cry enough.' A post-war wish, imprisoned by her body, Mansfield wept and miled and joked about her confinement, living herself off my legs that might turn the key. As she wanders with her sickness her attention to the burn and split of the everyday taken on a sharpening bite.

It's raining, a heavy, misty rain—most beautiful. I want not to go out at all and after so long a time finding to hear the fire rise along the stretched rim of my window, the sudden heavy drops down on a bush in the open town.

Considering how absorbed Mansfield is in her compulsive task, it's remarkable how subtle she is about other writers—once in a while, her critical antennae never drop. Inquisitive with the cleverness of George Bernard Shaw, she writes:

There's no going over it. It's a kind of contempt in the face of the world. It's a glass case, some everything, shows everything, connects the letters, shows the letters but has no part in the life that is going on.

She's also quite funny and comensurate with E. M. Forster:

I came across a copy of *Howards End* and took a look into it. But it's not good enough. E. M. Forster never gets any further than making the soap. It's a nice fine head at that. But the soap, it's a nice beautiful soap. But he never gets in his head of it.

Not all of Katherine Mansfield's comments are dispositive. When George Eliot is given the cuff by a critic, she protests:

Not think of some of her pictures of country life—the breadth, the sense of sun long on warm barns, great warm barns in twilight when the moon comes down from the hills, the feeling of home.

You can almost hear the snarl of horses' hooves against the huddings of dry straw. Had Katherine Mansfield held a longer marriage on life, she might eventually have written a novel rich in breadth and soothing mellow light.

As her health tickled away, Mansfield lapsed at my feet, the sense of sun long on warm barns, great warm barns in twilight when the moon comes down from the hills, the feeling of home. As her health tickled away, Mansfield lapsed at my feet, the sense of sun long on warm barns, great warm barns in twilight when the moon comes down from the hills, the feeling of home. As her health tickled away, Mansfield lapsed at my feet, the sense of sun long on warm barns, great warm barns in twilight when the moon comes down from the hills, the feeling of home.

girl's daughter asked me why Katherine Mansfield did not do it more fully. I replied, "I do not know." I read at thirty-four Mansfield was wrestling in a narrow and turned into a sacrificial lamb by her shameless husband, who cranked out book after book to serve in London in the editor of her own magazine. But fortunately, the short that Mary built now lies neglected, and what remains is the stories and letters and journal entries—intense fragments that make the work of most contemporary writers look second-hand and shallow. If you've never read Katherine Mansfield, *Howards End* and *Other Stories* and *Letters* and *Journal* make superb starting points from which to begin the book.

CERTAINLY KATHERINE Mansfield tracks the chips of a cheerful dabbler like *All Robinsons*. One crack into Robinson's new novel, *Dr. Rockinger and the Age of Longing* (Knopf, \$13.95), and it's clear that there isn't going to be no rest here, either. Bristling packed with a weighty quotation from George Eliot, *Dr. Rockinger and the Age of Longing*—the title crowds in your mouth like a pot of mirth—is yet another look at the Under Woman/Younger Man theme. Finally put, the novel receives the stinging allusion of Mansfield, an effervescent mirth with two children (one of them tellingly named Dylan), for a long-legged young rooster named Heide. It's a book full of chatter and introductions. "Come, I want you to meet," said Dr. Cheri, "this is my apartment." "Cheri Schöner, Schöner is a marvelous designer." "When not keeping tabs on the living room traffic, Robinson is a sort of a genius in fantasy. Cuzo gets push. "Heide was writing, writing, writing, for the. Two young. "Too much. Too much. Too much."

Since Jill Robinson is the author of two acclaimed books (*Over Time* and *Parables*), one would be to think that this latest novel is meant to be a stand-up of trendy women's fiction. But though airy with humor, the book gives off no signs of ironic intelligence. Reading the scenes in which Margot leaves and joins with her kids, I couldn't help but think of that horrible song used opened in *Mad Max* to describe television series like *Light Is Enough* and *Difficult Strokes* warmly. Warmly, because the comedy is sentimentally affected with warmth. *Dr. Rockinger* as perhaps fiction's first, earnestly, as cute and snuggly as a pair of fuzzy slippers. The only difference between *Dr. Rockinger* and a prime-time comedy is that the novel delivers more intimately into a-o-o. In one bed-down

with Heide, Margot claims that he "pulled me down into his arms and his arms, making a luncheon of my breasts." I do not know how lovely noble, and when it comes to making a luncheon out of a woman's breasts—well, there are some things I'd rather not know about. Turning her husband's body into a good instrument is only one of the many tricks Jill Robinson covets against fiction in *Dr. Rockinger and the Age of Longing*.

GOOD PRESS, which recently issued from Linda Lee Stiefel's wonderful novel *The Calverton War*, has now returned to print another available book: *Elizabeth Blackwell's first volume of criticism, A View of My Own*, originally published in 1902. *A View of My Own* is a collection of miscellaneous writings on the careers of Dylan Thomas, the late of Caryl Chessman, the wise wisdom of William James, and the "innate-like sentences" of Mary McCarthy. Blackwell has a fair for certain, raising sentences—the essay on Dylan Thomas begins, "The dead, grotesque like Voltaire, with a terrible, weeping woman at his bedside"—and her attention is fine and unerring. She writes about literature with such sympathetic consideration that she seems to be taking the writer's pulse and feeling the pulse. The only complaint one could make about her writing in *A View*—and it's a fault that has deepened in her most recent work—is that she seems so afraid of making and hyperbole that her writing sometimes reads like a long, unconvincing sentence.

The ticking surprise here is how comic and silly Blackwell is in her survey of the theater. Something about actors tramping across the boards gives her a happy glow. "Suddenly Last Summer is for the deeply paled, the haggard," Blackwell reports after a visit to the latest Tennessee Williams. In *Suddenly Last Summer*, the southern disfigurement vides in trying to have a prelude, and, picking up on the cue, Blackwell reports "Enter and Ophelia, looking like a member of Martha Graham's troupe, tall, thin, tense, wondering in a Graham sense." And here is Blackwell's sum-up of Samuel Beckett's *Endgame*: "The desolate and barren of the scene, with cross, blindness, death, slavery, empty tyranny, gloomy puppets, barrenness, monotony, starvation." Given Elizabeth Blackwell's gift for raising down sad and pessimism in the theater, it's a little bit ironic criticism that she has returned to no longer and so snugly recaptured in her study.

JAMES MCGLOTT is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

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